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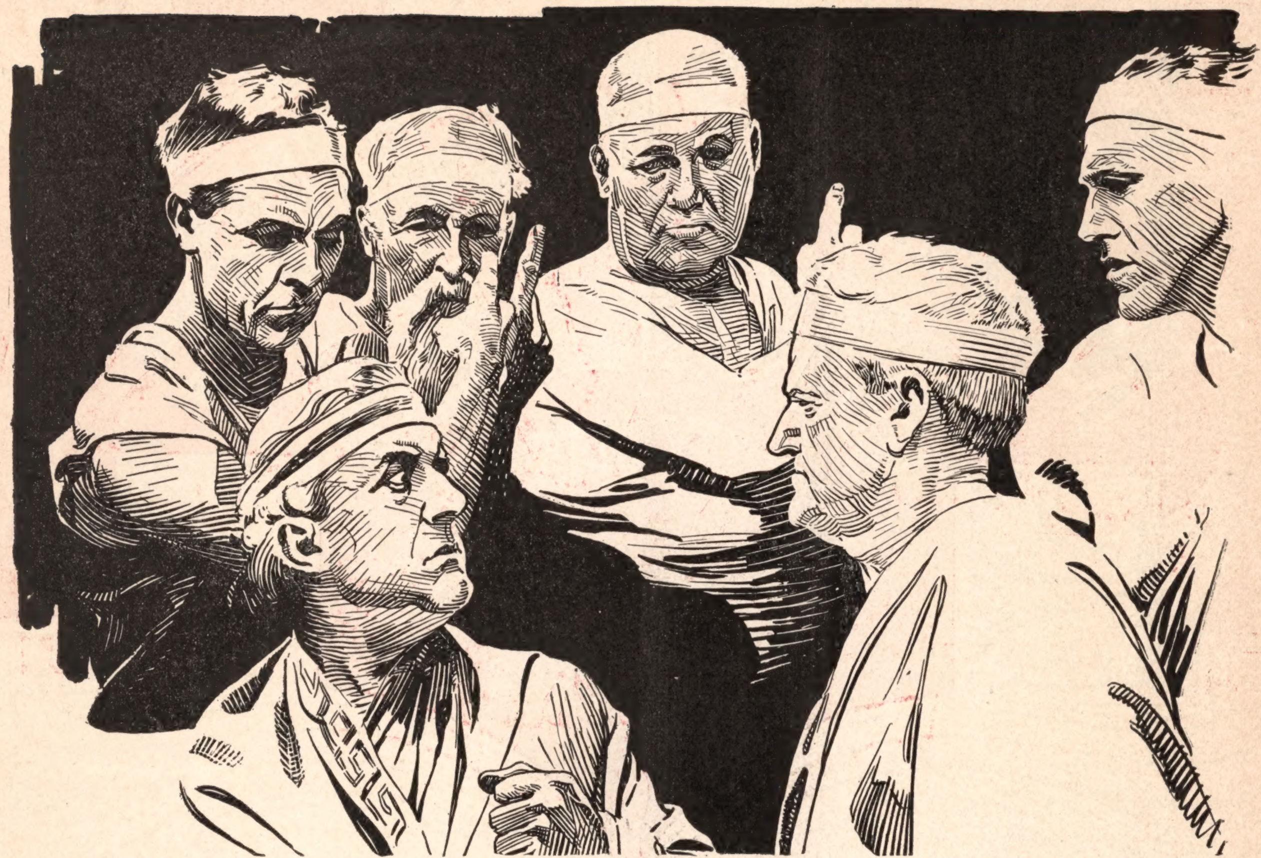
Number 162

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO
PHOTO-PLAYS
AND PLAYERS

LILLIAN WALKER



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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

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DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

Vol. VII FEBRUARY 4, 1916 No. 162

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In His Own Trap

(Rex Film)

Scenario by William Addison Lathrop *Produced by Ben Wilson*

By LULIETTE BRYANT

Cast of Characters:

John Mayne	Ben Wilson
Helen Mayne	Dorothy Phillips
Rodney Stone	Charles Ogle

"YOU don't think I can have the new car, then?"

John Mayne looked at his young wife with a glance of helpless protest.

"If I only could make you understand, dear," he said, with patient gentleness. "We really ought not to afford a car at all. I bought one because you couldn't be happy without it, or you thought you couldn't—which amounts to the same thing. But the idea of getting another one is quite out of the question. I simply haven't the money. Our bills are enormous, and I have no idea how I shall meet them. How we ever drifted into this utterly extravagant and reckless way of living I don't know, but I do know that we must stop it."

Helen flushed angrily. "Oh, if you want to call me extravagant," she said, "you should see the way other women spend money. There's Mabel Perkins, now—"

"Mabel Perkins married a millionaire," interrupted Mayne. "You might have done the same thing, had you wished to."

"But I didn't wish to," and suddenly Helen's face dimpled into smiles. "I wanted you! Let's forget that I ever mentioned a new car. I'll get along with the old one, and I'll let one of the maids go—I won't be entertaining much in Lent, and I'll give up that new evening gown."

She looked so proud of her little sacrifices! Mayne bent to kiss her, impulsively. She was doing her best, he thought, as he went down the street toward his office. Her father had been a wealthy man, and she did not know how to economize. And he had failed, as a husband, to impress her in the

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start with the smallness of their income. He had been so proud of the fact that she preferred him, a young lawyer, to Rodney Stone, the wealthy financier who had courted her so madly. He had made every effort to give her whatever she wanted, and he must not blame her, now that he really was in serious difficulty over a year's accumulation of bills.

"I must find some way to raise a lot of money in a bunch," he thought. "If I could borrow five thousand at a fair rate of interest, I could pay it back, a hundred a month, say. If Helen really is willing to retrench—and she will have to be willing!—I could get back on my feet by degrees. But the dickens of it is to borrow money when I have no real estate for security. I wonder if Stone—but I can't ask him, and have him chuckling to himself, thinking how much better Helen would have done to marry him. I'll find some way out."

The morning was almost gone, and Mayne was beginning to think of luncheon when a clerk announced a caller, "Mr. Hopkins." Mayne turned in his chair, surprised.

"Hopkins from Rodney Stone's office?" he asked the clerk.

"I think so. An old fellow, says he must see you personally."

There was something in the manner of the old man who entered, holding out his hand in friendly fashion, which affected Mayne unpleasantly. Behind the friendliness of his eyes lay something which seemed to warn the young lawyer, skilled in reading human emotions, of danger. Yet his caller's words were harmless, even attractive, as he went straight to the point.

"I'm going abroad to-night, to be gone two years," he stated. "I have twenty thousand dollars, partly in cash, partly in bonds and securities. I want you to take care of it for me. Invest it as you see fit. I'm not asking for big profits—safety first for me!"

Mayne stared at him curiously. "Aren't you employed in the office of Rodney Stone?" he asked. "Why doesn't he take care of your money?"

For just an instant the old man hesitated. Then, "As I said before, I want safety first. Stone is all right for a man who wants to speculate—but I don't. I want to place my money quite outside our own office. And, though you probably do not know it, your wife's father was my best friend. I've known Helen since she was a mere baby. I feel that any man she would marry is a man who will take care of my little savings as he would care for his own father's."

RODNEY STONE

Neither of them saw that an old man was listening at the door

Again that odd wave of doubt swept Mayne's mind. The old man's words were fair—but what lurked behind them? As he held out the package of money and securities to Mayne it was almost as if his inner self were saying "don't take them, my boy," even while his lips said "I'm sure you will undertake this for Helen's old friend."

With an effort, Mayne put away his doubts, and took the package. "Of course I am glad to accept your trust," he said. "Let me see, there is five thousand in cash, the rest in negotiable securities. You want a quarterly accounting, and your interest, of course."

"No. Let any interest accumulate. I shall be roaming about and won't want to be touching this money. When I come back, in two years, we will settle up."

"Two years is a long time," mused Mayne, after the old man had gone. "It's queer that he should have picked on me to take care of his funds. Now let's see, his securities and stuff are all right as they are—all stable investments. But the cash, there's five thousand of it"—suddenly he paused, and stared at a slip of paper on his desk. There were the figures which he made the previous afternoon. The hasty, nervously penciled items which had told him that he needed five thousand dollars to quiet his clamoring creditors.

"Five thousand!" he said, slowly. And, after a long pause, "Well, why not lend it to myself at a fair rate of interest? In two years I could have it ready for him, with the interest. There's nothing dishonest about that! My five per cent. is as good to him as any other man's." He evaded the question of his total inability to furnish the security which he would have insisted on in loaning his client's money to another man. "It will help me out, and won't do him an atom of harm," he convinced himself. And that afternoon saw every one of his creditors satisfied.

He went home to dinner in a more

hopeful mood than he had known for many weeks. The fact that Helen had really dismissed one of the maids, and was busily going through her clothes' press, sorting out dresses which might be "made over," improved his humor. "You're a dear," he told her, tenderly. "Just help me out for a little while, and we will be on easy street."

The happy mood lasted until two days later. There was a letter in the morning mail at which he sat staring for a long time, with dazed, unbelieving eyes. It was signed Hopkins, and it said, "There has been a sudden change in my plans and I am not going abroad, so of course I can look after my own investments. I will call at your office this afternoon."

"This afternoon! And I haven't the money, nor anything to show for it!" he groaned. He glanced at the clock. "Two hours to raise five thousand—I can't do it!" With a sudden impulse he closed his desk and summoned a clerk.

"I have an urgent call out of town," he said. "A Mr. Hopkins will call this afternoon. Will you tell him that it was impossible for me to meet him this afternoon, but I shall be glad to see him to-morrow at any hour that suits him?"

"That gives me a little time," he muttered, as he hurried down the stairs, "that's all I need, a little time. I can find somebody to lend me the money."

But it took only a few calls to convince him that his quest was utterly hopeless. Five thousand dollars looked as big as the national debt when a man tried to borrow it without good securities. By noon, he had given up. The vague uneasiness of the day before had deepened into a positive conviction Hopkins, for some reason, was not playing fair with him. "But what was his object?" he wondered, over and over.

Something led him home to Helen. It was not his habit to go home to luncheon, it was not his intention to let his wife know of his trouble, yet some uncontrollable impulse drew him home, to look into eyes which trusted him, to try to draw comfort from her love.

She read his trouble in his face, as women will, and before he knew it, he had told her the whole story. He was amazed when she broke forth in a torrent of sobs and self-accusations.

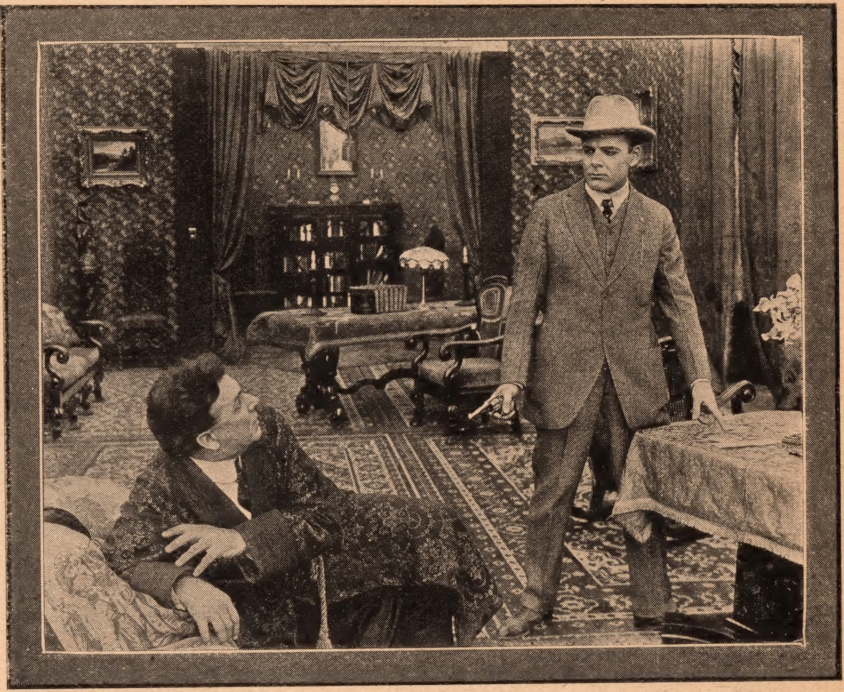
"It's my fault, every bit of it!" she sobbed. "I was so foolish and extravagant! Oh, why didn't you make me stop, before I got you into this trouble! But I'm going to help you. You'll see—I'll think of something to do. If only father hadn't lost all his money in that panic!"

"Never mind, dear," he soothed, "I'm going out now to try again to get the money together. You just wait here until I come home."

"Maybe if you explained to Hopkins just how it was," she began, but he shook his head. "I can't explain it," he said, "but all the time he was in my office I had a queer feeling about him. I believe now that he never meant to go abroad, that he was trying to play a trick—but I can't figure it out. He works for Rodney Stone, you know."

"Rodney Stone!" Her cheeks flushed. She was silent for some time, then she looked up with an attempt at a smile. "Cheer up, dear," she said, "between us, we may find a way out."

"You stay right here and don't try to do anything. I'll save the ship and take care of the women and children," he told her, trying to speak lightly. But as Helen saw him go down the street she knew that he was close to desperation. She shuddered as she thought of the terrible stories in the newspapers of men who were driven desperate by financial trouble. "I've got to do something!" she whispered, her little hands clasping and unclasping nervously, her eyes fever-bright. It was terrible to feel so helpless!



"Shut up!" Mayne interrupted savagely, his gun covering the cowering figure again

Presently she went upstairs and sorted into a little glittering heap all of her jewels. She knew their value, almost to a dollar. "Not more than a thousand dollars, altogether," she sighed. "And dad bought them for me! But I'd give them up to help Mayne. I'm going out and sell them."

She left the glittering heap on the library table, while she put on her hat and coat. She was just about to put them in her bag when a new thought came to her, and she paused, knitting her brows with perplexity. "He might do it, for me," she thought. "Mayne would be fearfully angry, but he would get over it! And I could keep my jewels then. I believe I'll try!"

Her cheeks flushed with the excitement of her new adventure, she ran down the steps almost happily, leaving the pile of jewels to glitter on the table alone.

"See," she whispered, holding up one of her jewels, "we will sell these"

It was an hour later that she sat in Rodney Stone's office, looking straight into his eyes. "You used to call yourself my friend," she said, "now help me!"

For a moment he stared back at her, fascinated by the warmth of her smile, the flush on her cheeks, the innocent hopefulness of her eyes. When he spoke his voice was tense with eagerness, which he tried to disguise under a laughing unconcern.

"Come up to my apartment to-night at eleven," he said, "and I'll stake you to five thousand. Of course I'm a fool, but I'll do it, for old times' sake!"

"Oh, I knew you would!" she cried. "But—but do I have to come to your house?"

"Sure, that's all right. I'll have the money ready by that time. Stop at the bank on my way home, you know. I don't carry five thousand in cash around in my pocket, you know. As I understand it, you don't want a check?"

"Oh, no," she gasped, "I must have money. Mayne—" she broke off, flushing crimson.

"Of course. Mayne mustn't know."

He grinned good-naturedly. "Well, eleven o'clock, then."

Neither of them saw that an old man was listening at the door, horror in his eyes. "The blessed child!" he was whispering, "she doesn't suspect how bad he is. Well, she shall not be harmed. I've done his dirty work as long as I'm going to!"

* * * * * *

At ten-thirty that evening, Mayne went wearily up the steps of his home, used his latchkey, hung his coat on the hall rack and went into the library, to stop on the threshold with an exclamation of surprise. Pacing up and down restlessly there, was Hopkins.

"Thank God, you've come!" cried Hopkins. "Now listen, for there's no time to waste. Helen went to Rodney Stone's office this afternoon, to ask him to help her."

"To Rodney Stone! Impossible!"

"Oh, you don't know what a woman will do when she is desperate. A woman's mind doesn't work like a man's. She went, and I listened at the door. She didn't know I was there. And that scoundrel told her to come to his apartment at eleven to-night and he'd have the money for her. And she's gone!"

"You lie! She wouldn't do it!" shrieked Mayne, angrily.

"Don't you know your own wife well enough to understand, sir? She's as innocent as a baby. She went out just before I got here to-night. I meant to come earlier, and keep her here, or communicate with you, but I was held up in an accident to a car. I was just about to go to that man's apartment when I heard you coming in. Don't you see, it's all a trap that Stone set for you. He sent me to you with that money. He knew you were hard up and figured that you'd use the cash. To think that I allowed myself to be used for his dirty scheme. Now go, and get your wife, quick."

The last words were spoken to an empty room. Mayne had snatched his hat and coat and rushed down the street.

At the door of Stone's apartment he brushed the servant aside, before that dignitary could make a protest. Down the hall he rushed, and as he ran he heard a voice—Helen's voice—cry out in deadly fear.

One fearful glance he had of Helen struggling in the arms of Stone, then, his hand went out, something flashed, and Stone dropped to the floor heavily.

There was utter silence in the room then, while Helen's anguished gaze traveled slowly from her husband to Stone and back to her husband. "Is he dead?" she gasped, at last. Stone answered the question for himself.

"Far from it," he said, struggling to a half-sitting posture, and eyeing them both with a hateful grin. "I'm alive enough to make you both trouble. My servant can swear to the shot, and—"

"Shut up!" Mayne interrupted, savagely, his gun covering the cowering figure again. "You'll tell your servant that your own gun went off, accidentally, that's what you'll do. And you'll keep perfectly still about this whole affair, because if you do I'll keep still about the little game you put up on me with Hopkins. Oh, yes, I know it all—and what's more I can prove it! You tried to ruin me, and you lured my wife here on a pretense of helping me! What a lot of confidence men would have in you if all this got out!"

He turned to Helen, and there was a sternness in his eyes that whitened her cheeks. "Come home," he said, quietly, "that cur won't hurt us—he doesn't dare. If it wasn't for you, I'd do more than pink his arm with a bullet!"

All the way home, with Helen clinging to his arm and sobbing, he refused to speak. Manlike, he could not realize the fact that she had tried desperately to help him, without thought of any consequences to herself. He only knew that she had gone alone, without his knowledge, to Stone's apartment. He only knew that he was full of doubts, wretched, miserable!

In the library Hopkins awaited them. He looked from one to the other, anxiously, and his old face softened as he saw the utter wretchedness of the man, the hurt, bewildered misery of the woman. He crossed the room and stood beside them.

"Take an old man's advice, Mayne, and start all over," he said. "Your wife did what she thought was all right. It might have led to serious harm, but it didn't, thank God. Look, she was ready to sacrifice her precious baubles to help you," he pointed to the glittering little heap of gems. "So she thought out a plan—a foolish, innocent little woman-plan, and tried to work it. Can't you see back of her foolishness to the fact that it was all for the love of you?"

Mayne gazed down at Helen, and her eyes met his with mute trust and supplication. His gaze softened slowly.

"See," she whispered, holding up one of her jewels, "we will sell these, and start all over. I'll never be extravagant again. We can be so happy, Mayne, if you won't be angry."

"We have both been foolish," he answered, softly, "but we will both be better for this. It's a new life together now, and no looking back!"

Merely Mary Ann

(William Fox Feature)

Picturized by John G. Adolphi, from Israel Zangwill's Stage Play

By **LEONA RADNOR**

Cast of Characters:

Mary Ann	Vivian Martin
Lancelot	Harry Hilliard
Peter	Niles Welch
Sid	Sidney Bracy
Rosie	Laura Lyman

MARY ANN was finding the state of a penniless orphan a very dismal one. Determined not to accept charity from her mother's old friends, the bereaved girl had taken a situation as "hired help" in a boarding-house in the small town where she had been born and raised.

The landlady was kind, and Mary Ann was settling down to her newly learned duties when the attentions of the landlady's son wrought a change in her destiny. He had come into the kitchen for his breakfast. He worked in a machine shop, so, attired in overalls as he was, he did not join his mother's boarders in the dining-room. Mary Ann set his breakfast before him, then filled his lunch-pail and placed it on the table.

"Thanks, kid," he said, seizing one of her hands.

"Please, don't," she begged, trying to disengage it.

He laughed at her futile efforts. "Not strong enough, are you, kid? Don't hurt yourself. You're a darned pretty little girl, too. I believe I'll take a kiss."

He drew her to him, his great strength mocking at her struggles.

"You stop, or I'll scream!" panted Mary Ann.

At that instant, his mother whisked into the room.

"Why, you scamp!" she exclaimed, flaming with anger.

He laughed uncomfortably and released Mary Ann. She retreated, frightened, and the woman advanced upon her son. She leaned over him threateningly and caught him by the throat.

"Is that the way I've brought you up?" she demanded furiously. "You cowardly ruffian!"

The scene was filled with terror for Mary Ann. "Oh, please, don't!" she cried. tugging at the woman's apron. "I'll go away. I'm the cause of the trouble and I'll go away. Please don't fight!"

There was no fight, for the young fellow was brought to his senses, and he awkwardly acknowledged his error. But Mary Ann could not be persuaded to stay. She went to her pastor and asked his advice about going to the Big City to earn her living.

"Well, perhaps there would be more chance for you there," he conceded. "I'll give you a letter to a lady who keeps a boarding-house, and she may know of something you can do, even if you can't stay with her."

So Mary Ann went to the Big City, and presented her letter to Mrs. Leadbatter at the psychological moment.

"Well, now, isn't that strange!" ejaculated the latter. "I was just going out to get a maid. But you look so young. Are you strong enough to do house-work? There's a lot to be done in a boarding-house, you know."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I'm quite strong," said Mary Ann.

She did not quite like the hard lines of Mrs. Leadbatter's face, but she had had a glimpse of the Big City and it had frightened her. Here, at least, was a haven for the present.

As time went on, Mary Ann could account for the hard lines that had inspired her instantaneous antipathy. The woman was a tyrannical taskmistress; she was selfish, unfeeling, avaricious. Only one member of her household had the power to soften her heart—her daughter Rosie, a lazy, discontented, cheaply overdressed young woman with moderate good looks and a very high opinion of her charms. Mrs. Leadbatter worked the livelong day at the thousand-and-one things about the big house, but the fond mother knew that there was a superior future in store for Rosie; therefore she must not soil her hands with menial tasks. But there being so manifestly nothing bright on the far horizon of the poor orphan girl's life, it became the duty of the landlady and her daughter to get as much work out of Mary Ann as possible.

Rosie took a vicious delight in driving the little drudge, for, day by day, the bright color faded from Mary Ann's cheeks and the sparkle from her great blue eyes. Rosie had taken Mary Ann's fresh, youthful beauty as a personal affront. At each admiring glance thrown at Mary Ann as she circled the table with a tray, Rosie had felt that she could throttle her. Her own rouged cheeks burned enviously, and her bold eyes flashed with anger as she caught the remarks from the boarders in regard to Mary Ann's shy and wistful beauty. They would not admire her so much, she told herself, after she and mother had taken it out of the little hussy.

After a few weeks, she congratulated herself that they had succeeded. Mary Ann had ceased to excite comment; she was taken for granted as the slavey whose duty it was to be at everyone's beck and call.

"Mary Ann does very well—better than any girl I ever had," confided Mrs. Leadbatter to Rosie. "And she never gives me any back talk."

"Well, for heaven's sake, don't let her know you're satisfied with her," snapped Rosie. "Keep her green and ignorant—that's all she is, anyway. I don't see why you let her have that canary in her room."

"Well, she brought it from the country with her and thinks so much of it. It's no trouble to me, and it's company for her and keeps her from wanting to go out. I hear her talking to it in the evening."

"Oh, please, don't!" she cried, tugging at the woman's apron. "I'll go away"

"Oh, you're too soft-hearted!" exclaimed Rosie, in disgust. "And I believe the little fool is falling in love with Mr. Melmont. She looks at him with the silliest, die-away expression! And I've seen her sneaking into his room to give it an extra sweeping and dusting. She gives his shoes a better polish than anyone else's, and brushes off his hat and coat when he goes out. She don't offer to do that for the others."

"Does he notice it?" asked Mrs. Leadbatter.

"He? No, indeed! He don't notice her nor anybody. He's in the clouds, I'm thinking," Rosie answered impatiently.

"He'd best come down to earth," said Mrs. Leadbatter meaningly. "I'll not let his bill get much larger, I can tell you that."

"Oh, ma, give him a little more time, won't you? I heard him and his friend Peter, that comes to see him, talking about some songs he's writing. He'll make money all right, if you'll just give him time."

Rosie spoke with warmth. Her mother regarded her shrewdly, pausing in the darning of a worn tablecloth.

"See here, Rosie," she said, "you think a lot of Lancelot Melmont yourself, don't you?"

"He's the only classy man in this house," Rosie answered defensively, "and I guess he's good enough for most any girl."

"Well, you could do worse," mused Mrs. Leadbatter. "He's got looks and class. He's a gentleman, every inch of him, and he's a nice musician. If he only had money, you couldn't ask for better."

Such an admission from her mother was more than Rosie had dared hope for, and, on the strength of it, she quite openly signified to Lancelot Melmont that his attentions would be most acceptable. That young gentleman, however, was blind to Rosie's coquetries. He was much concerned with the problem of existence and with his efforts to entrap and hold the elusive melodies that sang in his brain. He had a piano in his room, and for endless hours he manipulated the near-ivory keys in snatches of melody, welding them into harmonic sequences, stopping from time to time to jot down their symbols on staff-ruled paper. Mary Ann had often watched him as she made his bed and brushed up his room. She tiptoed about so as not to disturb him, casting adoring glances at his unconscious back. She loved music passionately. To her rapturous mind, anyone who could compose as Melmont did must be more than human. Such a man could possess only heroic qualities.

In absolute ignorance of the worshipful attitude he had been the innocent cause of inspiring in the little slavey, Lancelot noticed her but casually, yet with the courtesy that was his invariable tribute to womanhood and with a deep pity for her downtrodden existence.

"Poor, unhappy little girl!" he murmured to himself on a day when she had looked particularly wistful. "Another little blue-eyed flower of the fields being crushed on the stones of the city! What will be the poor child's end, I wonder? If only I could do something—"

Here his meditations translated themselves into music as his fingers strayed over the keys. Absorbed in the strains that flowed at his bidding from the instrument, he was only vaguely conscious of a disturbance above him. A cry, terrified and appealing, at last broke through the walls of his reverie. He sprang to his feet and listened. Again came that terrified cry, more muffled, weaker than before. Lancelot rushed from his room and up the stairs. Guided by the sounds of a struggle, he opened a door, and, with an exclamation of rage, bounded into Mary Ann's room. A powerful blow made his presence known to a young man who held Mary Ann, writhing and moaning, in his arms.

"So it's you, Barton!" cried Lancelot, as the young man fell back against the wall. "You dirty cad! This is just what I would have expected of you. I never did like your looks—now I know why!"

"What's it to you, if the girl let me come up in her room?" sneered Sid Barton.

Mary Ann had sunk upon the edge of the bed, her eyes wild with terror, her cheeks white, her breath catching spasmodically in her throat. At Barton's insinuation, a burning flush leaped to her face.

"It isn't true, Mr. Melmont!" she cried piteously. "I didn't let him come up. He's been after me a long time, telling me I work too hard and he can take me where I'd make lots of money. But I wouldn't notice him. To-night he came in—I tried to keep him out, but he fought me and got in."

Lancelot's rage grew. He knew that Mary Ann spoke the truth.

Lancelot loomed above him, no sign of relenting in his avenging wrath

"You low beast!" he exclaimed, turning to Barton.

"Look out how you talk to me!" blustered the latter, doubling his fists threateningly.

Like a flash Lancelot was upon him, beating down his guard and spinning him about the room with smashing blows. Barton's foot slipped and he fell backward over the foot-rail of the bed. Lancelot loomed above him, no sign of relenting in his avenging wrath. Sid Barton begged for mercy. Lancelot caught him by the throat and jerked him to an upright position. Then dragging him to the door, he threw him into the hall.

"Now, get out of this house to-night!" he ordered. "If you're here in the morning, I'll turn you over to the police."

He turned back to the room and approached the forlorn little figure still sitting dazed upon the edge of the bed. Mechanically she had made an attempt to remedy the untidiness into which the struggle had thrown her. She had fastened up the torn waist with pins and was smoothing back the tangled curls that fell over her eyes, when Lancelot stood before her.

"You needn't be afraid of him any more," he said.

She looked up at him with eyes brimming with grateful tears. For the first time Lancelot realized what a delicately pretty girl she was.

"Now, don't cry!" he said kindly. "It's all over."

Impulsively she threw out her hands to clasp his arm. "Oh, thank you so much for coming up and saving me!" she said.

He drew her to her feet and put an arm about her small shoulders.

"You poor child!" he murmured, half to himself. "You should have someone to take care of you."

His sympathy broke down the reserve that sorrow and harsh treatment had built up in the young heart, and she flung herself sobbing on his breast.

"There, now; there, now!" he soothed, stroking her hair. "I'm so sorry!"

From a cage near the window there came a twittering and a soft preliminary trill, then the room was filled with the joyous, exulting song of a canary. Mary Ann raised her head and smiled up at Lancelot.

"That's Dickie," she explained. "I brought him from home. He's all I've got to love."

Lancelot's arm tightened about the small, thin shoulders and he swallowed on a painful lump in his throat. Gently he wiped the little tear-streaked face with his handkerchief.

"Now, go to bed, child," he said, in a matter-of-fact voice. "Your Dickie is a dandy singer, and I think he intends that for a lullaby. Good night, Mary Ann."

Unnoticed, she stood listening, her sensitive face quivering with an emotion beyond her understanding

"Good night, Mr. Melmont," she whispered at the door. And the tone, earnest and adoring, fell upon his heart like a benediction.

The next day, Lancelot's friend, Peter Enright, called. He found the musician at the piano weaving a haunting theme into exquisite harmonies. Peter barely touched him on the shoulder by way of greeting.

"Don't stop," he admonished. "That's great! You've got something there."

Lancelot continued playing, adding brilliant variations through which the theme throbbed with melancholy insistence. Mary Ann entered the room with a jug of fresh water. Unnoticed, she stood listening, her sensitive face quivering with an emotion beyond her understanding. As he finished, she stole quietly out into the hall.

"Gee! that's the stuff!" applauded Peter. "It gets your heart-strings. It's not sickly, either. When you were playing, I could believe the fiction about the nightingale pressing its breast against a thorn. This will open the door to success, my boy."

Lancelot smiled indulgently at his friend's enthusiasm. "If I can hold out while it knocks at the door," he retorted.

"Why? Hard up?" queried Peter. His hand went to his pocket, but Lancelot stopped him.

"No, Pete," he said firmly; "you have been munificent. I cannot accept any more from you. I have got to succeed—I will succeed—and then you shall know my gratitude. In the meantime—"

"In the meantime, suppose you cut expenses here and come out to my place in the country. You need a change, I can see that. No refusal accepted, old chap."

"Just this once again I put myself in your debt, Pete," said Lancelot, with a sigh of relief. "I need a breath of the country and—" He paused and laughed uncomfortably; then continued: "my landlady was willing to receipt my past-due bills—conditionally. She has a daughter—fair, for all the notice I have taken of her—and the condition was my hand and heart—for the aforesaid daughter, of course."

Peter had the bad taste to laugh uproariously. "Your answer?"

"Oh, I was tactful—I said I would soon be able to pay the bills in United States currency, and hinted that I was not reduced to selling myself so cheaply."

Peter sobered up. Underneath Lancelot's light narrative, he could detect the note of humiliation. "Come on, old chap," he said, with the air of a navigator taking charge of a helpless craft, "you do as I say now. Take this wad and pay your landlady. Then pack up and go out of town with me."

That night, Mary Ann crept up to her small room, more tired, more hopeless than she had ever felt before. Her one friend had left and she dared not look forward to the long string of morrows, with their deadly drudgery, their unrelieved monotony. Her canary chirped and trilled at sight of her. She dragged her weary feet across the floor and stood beside the cage.

"He's gone, Dickie!" she whispered despairingly. "He's gone away and he never said good-by to me!"

Dickie burst into gladsome song. For the first time, it clashed with her mood. Tragically she arraigned the unfeeling bird. "How could you, Dickie!" she cried. Then, in a storm of sobs, she flung herself upon her bed.

Rosie, herself nettled at Lancelot's cavalier treatment of her, took note of Mary Ann's dejection and maliciously added to the torments of the girl's drudgery. Harried and desperate, Mary Ann had even entertained the daring thought of going away. About a week after Lancelot's departure, she was scrubbing the stairs and trying to muster up her courage to leave the odious house, when the door-bell rang. Mrs. Leadbatter answered it. Through the murmur of voices Mary Ann caught her name. A man's voice had asked for her—Miss Mary Ann Hamilton. The caller was shown into the parlor, and Mrs. Leadbatter came to her, flustered and frightened-looking.

"There's someone here to see you," she said. "You'd better run up first and make yourself presentable. Put on your best dress."

It was a wonderful story that the man had to tell Mary Ann when she appeared in the parlor. He was brisk, but kind in his manner. He was a lawyer, he told her, and had come to bring her the news of her long-lost brother's death out in Australia.

"He left a very large fortune, my dear Miss Hamilton," he continued. "And you are the sole heir. I have been made your guardian. For the present, I think it will be best for you to come to my home, where, with my wife, we can decide what is best for your future."

So Mary Ann, too dazed to be happy yet, went away with dignity instead of fleeing fearfully as she had contemplated. From behind the blinds, the landlady and her embittered daughter watched the old lawyer hand her into his car with all the deference due an heiress. She settled into a corner of the seat with Dickie's cage on her lap. He cocked a bright eye at her and chirped, as if to say: "Didn't I tell you a good time was coming?"

* * * * * *

Lancelot Melmont, the famous composer, and his friend, Peter Enright, were driving up Fifth avenue on their way to the Rossiter reception.

"They say that ward of Rossiter's is a little beauty. Clever and unspoiled, too. Several of the chaps are crazy about her, but she gives no encouragement to any of them," said Peter.

"That sounds interesting," commented Lancelot. "Who is she?"

"An heiress in her own right; name, Marion Hamilton. Too bad you are not susceptible, Lance. I should like to see you mixed up in a romance."

"Stop your nonsense," laughed Lancelot. "Here we are."

They were among the late arrivals, and Lancelot was immediately pounced upon and lionized. He was finally extricated by his host, who led him to a vision of fairy-like youthfulness in shimmering white.

"Marion, I want you to meet Mr. Melmont. Mr. Melmont, Miss Hamilton."

They murmured the conventional phrases, but the blue eyes that looked so seriously into his puzzled Lancelot. They were beautiful—the most beautiful he had ever seen, he told himself. As the girl's little hand rested in his for an instant, he felt a thrill as of some poignant association, and vaguely, elusively, there began the faint ringing in his brain of that wistful, heart-stirring melody that had ushered him into the courts of fame. In her voice, modulated, cultured, he found a fresh confusion of his senses. Pearls of great price were woven through the burnished waves of golden hair. Where had he seen hair that grew just like that? He mentally ran over his acquaintances—a needless procedure, for never had a woman stirred him thus. He led her to one of the small supper-tables masked by palms. When refreshments had been brought, he leaned toward her.

"Miss Hamilton, I am sorely worried," he said. "It can't be possible—but I have the feeling that I have met you before. Have I?"

The soft, blue eyes looked steadily into his. A plaintive expression beclouded them and a faint, sad smile played about the perfect lips. She picked up a tray and held it toward him.

"Mr. Melmont," she said, "won't you have a small piece more of corned beef and a bit more of the cabbage?"

He sprang to his feet, staring, the light of revelation dazzling him. "But aren't you Marion Hamilton?" he asked.

"To you," she responded, "I am merely Mary Ann."

Then in a rush of exquisite melody, no longer vague, no longer elusive, came the wistful, haunting theme of the bygone years. It had sung to him before, again and again, insistently, sending him out into the streets, abroad, anywhere, seeking, always seeking, he knew not what. Now he knew, and in Mary Ann's eyes he read a yearning like his own and a promise that set his heart to beating madly.

"Mary Ann!" he murmured softly, "I have searched for you everywhere."

"Lancelot!" she returned. "Perhaps my thoughts reached you — I have watched you, longing for you to find me."

ONE MINUTE, PLEASE

Fritzi Brunette is now playing leads with the Selig Polyscope Company.

Edna Maison is appearing with Francis Ford in a bully story entitled "The Dumb Bandit." It is a regular "Ford" story, replete with adventure and heart-interest.

William Desmond, who is at present playing opposite delightful Bessie Barriscale at Inceville, is a great favorite in Los Angeles. For five and a half years he was with the Morosco forces, chiefly playing the leads at the Burbank stock company.

Hal Cooley, the rising young juvenile actor, is a great hiker. Just before he started play-acting he had a long walk for a wager through several States, and he has all the signed records by him.

Ollie Kirkby boasts of a pet that isn't very popular with her fellow Kalem players at work on "Stingaree." The pet is a horned toad which seems to possess uncanny intelligence. Whenever Miss Kirkby is in her dressing-room the toad is certain to perch himself on her shoulder and survey proceedings with a world-wise look.

Carlotta de Felice, dramatic lead in "One Million Dollars" and other Metro features, began her professional career as Baby Carlotta, a child dancer, and appeared all over the world.

Hayward Mack is another well-known Moving Picture actor to desert New York for Los Angeles. As one of the original Imp Company, he is remembered for many clever character impersonations as well as for his delineations of light comedy rôles. Mr. Mack has been with the Majestic, Biograph, Famous Players, World Film, and Dyreda companies.

Across the Line

(Victor Film)

Written and Produced by Jacques Jaccard

By HARRY LAKEWOOD

Cast of Characters:

Mildred Fontaine	Peggy Coudray	Horton Manners, Jr	J. Belasco
Horton Manners, Sr.	William Canfield	Mrs. Horton Manners	Mrs. Kraft

HORTON MANNERS was a man of the world, a power in business, a kind father, and a very good husband. He was rich. Like all men of financial means, he was constantly haunted with the suspicion that every one he met was conniving to get some of his money away from him. This fear was transferred to his son when the boy was approaching a marriageable age. He knew from experience that such boys are very impressionable. Women of questionable moral character usually made prey of them when it became known that they were heirs to fortunes.

It was therefore with the greatest mental perturbation that the hard-headed old business man learned that Horton, Jr., was calling too frequently on a lady with whom he was very much in love.

"She is the most beautiful creature on earth," he confided to his mother enthusiastically one evening. "I will not tell you her name nor where she lives until I have won her consent to marry me. Then I will introduce you to her, and I am sure you will share my admiration for her."

Mrs. Manners was greatly shocked. A leader of society, she had no intention of jeopardizing her position by allowing her son to make an alliance which did not meet with her entire approval. Therefore, like a wise woman she concealed her alarm, made no comment, and had her son shadowed.

The result of the detective's investigation almost gave her nervous prostration.

"Your son is calling on a woman almost old enough to be his mother," the officer informed her. "She is known to the police as French Milly, and has a pretty tough record. Since serving her last sentence, she has been trying to lead a decent life. But take it from me, women from across the line never make good once they follow the downward path. If you say the word I will frame her so that she will have to go back to the coop. That's the only way you will ever be able to tear her away from your son, if she knows that his father is a wealthy man."

"I do not want anything done to the woman," answered Mrs. Manners with quiet dignity. "My husband and I will be able to cope with this situation in our own way."

She paid the detective and dismissed him. Then she startled her husband with a recital of all that she had learned.

"The boy has put himself in the power of an adventuress," commented Horton Manners, after a few moments' thought. "We must take quick action, my dear, or he will become so hopelessly entangled with this woman that we will not be able to do anything for him at all. The woman undoubtedly knows that I have money and designs to foist herself upon us. I doubt if she cares anything about the boy. She simply wants to feather her own nest. We must resort to the most drastic measures to separate him from his enchantress."

"I hope you will do nothing to impel Horton to leave home and take the law into his own hands," said Mrs. Manners anxiously.

"I intend to use the force of argument and appeal to his common sense first," answered her husband decisively. "He may be a soft young fool where women are concerned, but I always gave him credit for having a level head. When he comes in, bring him to me."

He sat down at the library table, lit a cigar, and began to read the paper. About an hour afterward his wife and son entered the room. The boy was a good-looking chap, only recently out of school, and flushed with the first freedom from restraint that a youth enjoys when just budding into young manhood. His greatest misfortune was the frank innocence of his nature, coupled with an unlimited supply of ready cash.

"Do you wish to see me, dad?" he asked wonderingly.

"Yes," emphatically answered the old man, facing him with an unpleasant frown. "Your mother told me that you are in love with a woman."

"What harm?" demanded Horton with asperity.

"None, if she were the right kind. The trouble is that she isn't."

"Now, see here, dad!" exclaimed the boy with rising anger.

"Silence, sir!" interrupted his father, banging his fist on the table. "Let me finish speaking. I don't know the woman you are after, and I don't want to know her. But I do know that you will have to give her up!"

"But you have never seen her—" began the boy eagerly.

"Keep quiet, I tell you!" interrupted his father forcefully. "You mother has had this woman investigated and has found out several things, either of which is sufficient to cause me to speak as I do. In the first place, she is thirty-six, while you are but twenty. In the second place, she is not in your class socially. She lives in what is known as 'across the line.' Therefore, should you marry her, you could not expect to raise her to your level; you must lower yourself to hers."

Mr. Manners rested his case against the woman.

The boy looked first at his father and then at his mother. For once his mother failed him. He saw it in her cold glance as he appealed to her.

"Won't you help me?"

"I have nothing to say, my son."

"Dad, don't condemn the girl until you have seen her."

"I hate to make you miserable," said the older man softening a little. "I have been a young fool like you myself. That's why I am sorry for you. I will yield one point."

"Name it, sir."

"Take a trip around the world, my boy. I will pay all the expenses. Stay away a year. Then, if at the end of that time you still love this woman, I will have nothing further to say against your marrying her."

"No! No! Make no such compromise as that!" Mrs. Manners expostulated. "I never could permit my only child to marry that low person. Think of the disgrace—the humiliation—the stigma!"

Her husband regarded her fixedly a moment, then turned to his son.

"Horton, I will stick to my offer despite your mother's protest. You know that I rarely ever yield to anybody. But I will keep my promise to you if you are man enough to accept the condition."

The boy knew the uselessness of trying to argue his father out of the stand he had taken. He therefore smothered his resentment at this interference with his happiness, and said in a manly sort of way:

"All right. I will accept your condition, father."

They shook hands to seal the compact, and separated.

"Why did you make such a ridiculous condition?" demanded Mrs. Manners when the boy was gone. "Horton will come back in a year as deeply infatuated with that hussy as he is now, and you will have to let him marry her."

The old man chuckled.

"Don't you believe it," he answered quietly. "I know human nature too well to let this incident fool me. Once he is out of that woman's influence he will forget her, or I am very much mistaken."

"Oh, I am just worried to death over the whole thing."

"There, there, stop crying," said Manners tenderly as he took her in his arms. "I have taken the right course to prevent a scandal. You'll see."

A few minutes later Horton appeared dressed for the street.

"I am going to see the poor little creature whom you both have condemned unheard," he said defiantly. "Remember, I am firm in my affection for her. I would rather dig ditches than give her up!"

"Tell her what we said," answered his father nodding. "That is the honorable way. But I hope you will stick to your promise to me."

"Nothing can prevent me from being honorable to you, dad."

Horton's heart was almost bursting when he rushed into Mildred's apartment and explained the calamity that had befallen them.

The woman was stylishly gowned. She had a hard, but handsome face. Her eyes were big and dark. They lit up with a soft, tender expression as she gazed at the grief-stricken boy with whom she had actually fallen in love.

Horton told her of his father's ultimatum. It brought a serious look to her face, and she carefully analyzed the whole thing. She was a worldly-wise woman. She knew that love could not exist without proper food. That was why she hated to part with him. On the other hand, she realized that it would only antagonize his parents against her all the more were she to try to dissuade him from obeying them.

"I will gain their approbation by siding with them," she reflected. "By using care and good judgment I may make them like me. Horton loves me so truly that he cannot possibly forget me. A short separation may make him all the more anxious to get me. Men usually fight hardest for the things that they fear they cannot get."

"Well," asked Horton miserably, "what shall I do, Mildred?"

"Go," she answered decisively. "Obey your father. He is your best friend."

"Therefore, should you marry her, you could not expect to raise her to your level"

"But I don't want to leave you. Can't you go with me?"

"I shall remain here and endeavor to win their friendship," she answered. "Be advised by me. By doing the right thing all will turn out right in the end. A year will slip by before you know it."

"It will seem ages to me," he groaned dismally.

She kissed him, and led him to the door.

"I would be untrue to my love for you and my duty to your good parents were I to influence you contrary to their wishes," she said earnestly. "You have only to remain true to me and I to you, and when you come back our happiness will be completed."

On the following day Horton left New York for Paris.

Mr. Manners and his wife were delighted with the success of their plan to separate the ill-mated pair. The boy had been proud of the self-sacrifice of Mildred, and told his parents in glowing terms how she had smothered her affection for him and urged him to obey them. Naturally it gave them a better opinion of the woman than they had before. But when their boy was safely away on the sea they forgot all about the circumstance.

Horton told her of his father's ultimatum

Mr. Manners' business occupied all of his time and attention during the months that followed. His son wrote frequently, but never alluded to Mildred. In the meantime Mrs. Manners had dismissed her social secretary for impudence and had engaged another. The new secretary was a middle-aged woman quietly attired in black, good-looking and understood her business. There was something so pleasant about her that both Mr. and Mrs. Manners liked her very much. She called herself Mildred Fontaine. During the first month of her stay at the Manners' residence she noticed that Casey, the chauffeur, was an expert amateur photographer, and it aroused her interest.

"We are going to have some private theatricals at the house," she confided to Casey in the kitchen when they were alone, "and I am cast in a part with Mr. Manners. I wish I could get a picture of some of it to send to my relations abroad."

"Why, shure, an' I'll be afther takin' yer pitcher," offered Casey eagerly. "Nuthin' would suit me betther. Whin d'yer want it?"

"I'm afraid Mr. Manners might object."

"Arrah, he's a crank," growled Casey.

"But we might get a picture on the sly," she suggested.

"Faith, I'd risk it if I wouldn't git ketched."

"You have a rapid lens, and might get a good snapshot from outside one of the parlor windows if the interior of the room were well lighted at four o'clock this afternoon. He wouldn't see you out there."

"I'll attimpt it."

"Thank you, Casey. When you hear me scream the words in my part, 'Oh, I am fainting,' you press the button. Do you understand?"

"At four o'clock sharp I'll be ready, begob!"

She gave the chauffeur one of her sweetest smiles and sent him away grinning, with the belief that he had made an impression on her.

As was his custom, Mr. Manners returned home early that afternoon, and failing to find his wife in, he went in search of her.

"Miss Fontaine!" he called.

"Yes," answered the secretary from the parlor. "I am down here, sir."

The old gentleman came downstairs and entered the room, all the shades of which were up, flooding the parlor with light.

"Where is my wife?" he asked Miss Fontaine.

She looked at him queerly a moment, and began to sway to and fro with her hand to her forehead, causing him to utter a startled exclamation as he rushed across the room toward her.

The clock was just then striking four, and her eyes swept over to the rear windows. Her glance fell upon the figure of the chauffeur huddled on a small storm-shed outside the window where he could scarcely be seen. He had his camera in his hand, and was ready for business.

"I'm sick!" gasped Miss Fontaine.

She reeled as if about to fall, when Mr. Manners reached her side and flung his arms around her.

"Oh!" she screamed. "I'm fainting!"

She heard a click of the camera outside the open window, and felt her employer's arms tightening around her as he dragged her sagging body over to one of the couches, upon which he laid her.

"Shall I get a doctor?" he asked anxiously.

But to his surprise she started up laughing, and then flung herself down on the couch again, bending a mischievous glance upon him.

"I was only joking," she murmured.

Mr. Manners was very fond of women. He instantly comprehended that she was only trifling with him, and with the usual egotism of most men under similar circumstances, he imagined that he had made an impression on her.

"You little rascal!" he laughed, shaking a finger at her reprovingly. "I see what you are up to! Following the old adage 'When the cat's away, the mice will play,' aren't you?"

He chuckled her under the chin playfully, and she did not resent it.

"Sit beside me and tell me something nice," she coaxed. "Your wife has gone shopping."

"By Jove, I think I will!" he cried jovially.

But before he could carry out his purpose the bell rang and Miss Fontaine sprang up in alarm, and hastened to the door, to answer the summons. Mr. Manners hurried to the front window and peering out saw his wife on the front stoop. He greeted her affectionately when she came bustling in, and Miss Fontaine went upstairs with her mistress' wraps.

She kept out of Mr. Manners' way until he had gone to business next day, but that evening she met Casey and helped him to develop the film he had got. When a velox print was made it showed Mr. Manners in a very compromising position. To all appearances he was embracing his wife's social secretary and her arms were wound around his neck.

Mildred and the chauffeur had a hearty laugh over the picture, and Casey readily gave her a couple of copies and the negative.

A hard, stern expression came over her face when Mildred was alone in the privacy of her room. She had planned all this for a desperate purpose, and it seemed as if everything was transpiring just as she wished.

An hour after Mr. Manners reached his office, he was astonished to see Mildred ushered into his private room.

"Well, well, this is a pleasure," he said beamingly as he rose and placed a chair for her. "I've been thinking about you all the morning. What a pity my wife returned so unexpectedly yesterday—"

She gave him a withering look that drove the smile from his face.

"Don't allude to that," she snapped. "I was only making a fool of you."

"Good gracious! What do you mean?"

"I mean," she burst forth, "that I am the woman your son loves. I am the woman who loves your son! By taking a position at your house I thought I might win your love and respect. I soon realized that it was impossible. I have given Horton up willingly enough to preserve your peace of mind, but my love for him has gained the mastery of me and I want him right back."

An angry gleam came into Mr. Manners' eyes.

"So! You are the woman, eh?" he demanded fiercely. "A nice woman to aspire to get into my family. You lied to us and deceived us with false pretenses to worm your way into our household!"

She looked him coolly in the eye for an instant then flung a picture on the desk in which he was shown embracing her.

"Shut up, and look at that!" she said crossly. "It was taken yesterday while you had me in your arms. Your wife would not like to see it!"

"Well, you won't get him!"

"Very well! Your wife will get this picture and an accursed lie against your character. I'll tell her you were making love to me in her absence."

Manners became alarmed. He saw that the woman was desperate, and would not hesitate to do just exactly as she threatened.

Then he arose and, putting a finger on the message, he said: "Listen to me"

The old man's face turned pale as he picked up the picture and looked at it.

"How much bribe money do you want for the negative of this?" he demanded with a sneer. "Money is your object, of course. I see I fell into a cunning trap. The picture is compromising. You have me in your power and you know it, you—"

He paused as he caught the sudden gleam that shot from her eyes, and there was an embarrassing interval of silence for a full minute.

"What?" she demanded tensely.

"Blackmailer!" he blurted out.

"I thought you were going to say something else," she muttered with a deep breath. "I will admit that I am a blackmailer now, for I am going to use this picture to compel you to do as I demand. I don't want your money. You have misjudged me this time. I want your son. I love him, I tell you!"

"Hold on!" he said hastily. "Let us compromise. I will do as you say."

"There is a cable blank on your desk. Send him a message, telling him to come home and marry me."

A groan escaped Manners as he indited the required message. Then he arose and, putting a finger on the message, he said: "Listen to me."

"What do you want to say?" she asked suspiciously.

His face had grown stern again.

"Only this. You are sixteen years older than my boy. In ten years you will be a comparatively old woman, while Horton will be just in the prime of his life. Imagine how unhappy you would both be—he to find himself tied to an old woman—you because he would crave the society of younger people. Perhaps he would then fall in love with a younger and more attractive woman.

"Stop!" she gasped, her face turning pale. "I see the force of what you say. It is common sense. But my real, pure love for him makes me crave him. I have a dark past—he would learn the terrible story and cast it up to me—"

She broke off with a sob, and cried as if her heart would break.

Then she mastered her weakness with an effort, and casting a mournful glance at the old man, she flung the tell-tale negative on the desk and rushed to the door.

"Wait!" he pleaded.

"No!" she shrieked fiercely. "I am going back—back—across the line!"

The door slammed shut after her, and he was alone, pitying her from the bottom of his heart. Then a messenger boy came in.

Manners tore open the envelope of the cablegram and read the message:

> "Father—I have just married a French girl in Paris. Congratulate me. She is the Countess Cleo d'Marblay. Tell mother. Horton."

There was a sad expression upon the old man's face. But he shrugged his shoulders, and muttered:

"Such is life!"

A Daughter of Penance

(Bison Film)

Scenario by Olga Printzlau *Story by Charles Saxby* *Produced by Henry Otto*

By L. PHILIPS

Cast of Characters:

Pia, the waif	Edna Maison
Castro Madero Cabello	Douglas Gerrard
Señor Ortega, Pia's father	O. C. Jackson
Señora Ortega	Phyllis Daniels

THERE were many queer characters living in the tiny mission of Madro Dolores. But it is doubtful if even a very sharp observer could find a more strangely contrasted pair than Pia and the old woman with whom she lived.

For many years these two resided in a very small and very old adobe hut on the outskirts of the mission. Most of these years they had not attracted much attention. Of late years, however, time had wrought such great ravages on the one-time comely face of old Rosa, and had developed such beauty of form and face in Pia herself, that now they might together serve as models for a painting of "Beauty and the Beast."

There was no one who could stand comparison with Pia in either beauty of face or beauty of form. Even the lovely daughter of Don Sebastian, the richest man in all the mission, paled into insignificance before the glowing beauty of Pia.

The situation in which Pia's hut stood had always been a lonely, unfrequented one. But of late the travel before its door seemed to have increased marvelously. At all hours of the day young men in twos and threes might be seen industriously admiring the landscape in the neighborhood of the hut.

To all of these pining admirers Pia turned a cold, uninviting countenance, and if any of them were bold enough to press his attentions upon her she had a way of looking at them that quickly caused them to abandon their efforts to charm her. Within twenty-four hours of their rashness each had been found lying dead, in some unfrequented part of the roadway, with a tiny cross marked in his own blood in the palm of his hand. The never-failing presence of this cross in each victim's hand had earned for it the name of "Pia's Penance." Of course, there had been determined efforts made to discover the culprit guilty of the murder of Pia's admirers. But despite the best efforts of the mission authorities the guilty one had never been found.

Pia, herself, could not tell who her mysterious avenger might be. There was only one young man in all the mission whose presence had ever caused her heart to quicken its beat even the tiniest little bit. This fortunate was the Señor Castro Madero Cabello, an artist, who was living on one of the very few estates nearby. Castro had caught a fleeting glimpse of Pia one morning, and all his artist's soul had gone afire at sight of the loveliness of the beautiful young girl. With the utmost caution, so as not to frighten his quarry, Castro followed Pia in the hope of learning where she lived and making her acquaintance at some later date. From almost the first, she had been aware of Castro's presence, and more than once she had stealthily hidden in the bushes to let him pass and see what manner of man he might be. Each view of him had quickened her appreciation of his attractions.

The day after his first sight of her Castro came to Pia's hut during her absence, and won the friendship of old Rosa. On her return she found him there, and Rosa awkwardly introduced him. That was all he needed, for every day after that found him at the hut on one pretext or another. At last, he thought that the time had arrived when their friendship had reached a point where he might broach a subject which had been very near his heart from the day he first saw her. This was to gain her consent to pose for him. At first, she refused with bashful shyness, but Castro was so persistent and so very much in earnest that at last she relented and gave her consent.

Pia became very enthusiastic and did her utmost to make the picture a success. The days that followed were the happiest she had ever known. For an hour at a time she would stand, in a position of charming grace, a water jug upon her shoulder, one of her hips pressing lightly against the side of the old mission fountain and her rosy, bare feet peeping out from under the hem of her tattered calico gown. Then at the end of the hour, they would sit side by side on the edge of the fountain laughing and chatting and feeding each other scraps of honey-sweet pomegranate or large, luscious, purple grapes. Little did they know, however, that throughout these pretty passages between them a pair of gleaming eyes, beneath a shock of tangled, matted hair, peered out and concentrated their gaze in a very fury of hate on dashing Castro.

It was during one of their resting spells that Castro found the courage to tell Pia of his love. They had been unusually happy that afternoon, and Castro wished that they might always be together. Suddenly Castro leaned forward and grasping one of Pia's small, brown, sun-kissed hands between his own, poured out his story, with eyes that shone like stars. She listened to him with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks while a cold fear gripped at her heart. It was beautiful, too sweet to be true, that he should love her so. But she sternly forced herself to repress her emotions, and firmly repulsed him because she dreaded that he might meet the same fate that befell her other admirers. In shocked astonishment, Castro begged her not to be heartless. "What have I done, dear, that you should repulse me so?" he pleaded.

"Nothing," she replied, "but would you suffer the fate that the others who admired me have suffered?" she asked, with tears in her eyes.

"So, 'tis that, is it, and not that you do not love me?" he said with a joyous laugh of relief. "Why, you dear little goose," he continued, "do you think that I would give up your love for all the spirits of earth or air? If you do you are very much mistaken." As he spoke the last words he pressed her to his heart while he rained kisses down on her cheeks and lips and hair. To Pia his kisses were deliriously sweet, but still fearing for him she tore herself from his grasp and ran down the road as fast as her limbs would carry her. With a laugh that was half a sigh, Castro stood looking after her as she sped lightly away.

That night Pia crept to her old companion's knee and, with a face that eloquently betrayed the earnestness and anxiety she felt, she said:

"Rosa, what is the strange vendetta that pursues all the young men who attempt to press their attentions upon me?"

"I do not know, child," replied the old woman.

"Well, then, who am I? Who were my father and mother? Where did I come from? You have never told me any of these things."

For a moment or so the old woman remained silent while Pia looked up at her anxiously. Then, sighing deeply, she said:

"No, my Pia, I have never told you your story because you have always been to me but a little child. Of late, however, the young men have come to linger near your door and that is a sign that the baby is growing to be a woman. Then, too, I am getting old, and who knows when it may please the good God to take me? It is well, I think, that you should now be told your story, and if you wish I will tell it to you now."

"Yes! Yes! Please do, Rosa," cried Pia eagerly.

"Well, child," responded Rosa, "your father was the Señor Orestes Ortega, and he was a grandee of Spain. In Madrid he married your mother, who was the Señorita Mercedes Gonzales, daughter of a noble Spanish family. Shortly after their marriage your father came here to Mexico, bringing your mother with him. They purchased an estate about one hundred miles distant from the Madro Dolores Mission, and settled down to what promised to be a life of unbroken happiness. Within a year after their arrival in this country you were born.

"Life at that time was a very dream of happiness for us all. Your father's sugar plantation prospered, money was plentiful and we were all blessed with perfect health. Your father appeared

". . . you, with a tiny pair of castanets on your fingers, would give an imitation of a dancer"

to live only for your mother and yourself. He was so proud of you both that he openly boasted that there was not in all Mexico a woman so beautiful as your mother or a child so winsome as yourself. And you were a child of whom any fond father might well be proud. There is one picture of your childhood that has always stood out in my mind. That is a picture of the time when you were a child of four. Each evening after dinner your father and mother would sit out on the balcony sipping their coffee while you, with a tiny pair of castanets on your fingers, would give an imitation of a dancer doing the tarantula dance. Ah! Those were the happiest days of our lives. For nearly five years after our arrival in this country we were all as happy as we could be, then one night occurred the dreadful thing which brought misery to us all." The old woman's eyes filled with tears, and she lapsed into silence.

. . . she held a gleaming knife poised to strike Castro

"Go on! Go on! Tell me what was it, Rosa?" pleaded Pia.

The old woman slowly dried her eyes, and then in a voice choked with grief continued: "One night your father and mother sat on the balcony as usual, and your father fell into a gentle doze. Suddenly he awakened and saw that your mother was stealthily descending the balcony steps. Curious to see what she might be about to do, you father said nothing, but watched your mother slip into the garden. Straight to a clump of heavy bushes sped your mother, while your father looked on in amazement. The night was one on which the moon shone brightly, and from his position your father could see everything that your mother was doing. Imagine, then, his rage when he saw your mother meet a man behind that clump of bushes and throw her arms about his neck while she covered his face with kisses. In an agony of jealous rage your father sat and watched your mother strip herself of her jewels and give them to the man. Then, when he could stand the sight no longer, he stole out into the garden to a point nearby to where your mother stood with the stranger, and when he was sufficiently close he drew his pistol and shot the stranger dead.

"Santa Maria! but I shall never forget that frightful scene. As the stranger fell, your mother threw herself across his body and filled the air with her shrieks, while your father stood white-faced with rage above her. After a time the violence of your mother's grief subsided somewhat and she slowly rose to her feet. 'What does this mean?' demanded your father, in a voice which was terrible because of his great rage.

"'It means,' cried your mother, 'that you have killed my only brother.'

"'Your brother?' cried your father, in amazement. 'But you were kissing him like a sweetheart.'

"'Yes,' replied your mother, 'my brother was accused of a political crime of which he was not guilty, and they had set a price upon his head. Even now he was about to flee the country, and I was giving him my jewels to help him escape. Now, owing to your fiendish jealousy, he has met the same fate that would have been meted out to him had his enemies overtaken him.'

"Your mother's face and words were so convincing, and her grief so great, that your father could not doubt the truth of her story, and a feeling of terrible remorse for the hastiness of his action took possession of him. 'What shall I do?' he cried. 'I shall hang as a common murderer when the authorities find out that I have killed your brother. Say that you forgive me, Mercedes. I was jealous and it was because I love you so much that I did this dreadful thing.'

"The grief of your father was so pitiable that your mother, who loved him dearly, forgot her own sorrow for the time and bent all her efforts to comforting him. After a time he quieted somewhat, and they took counsel as to what had best be done. Finally, it was agreed that your father had better fly before the authorities learned of the murder. Reluctantly he agreed to this plan and, taking some money and a swift horse from the stables, he bade your mother a fond good-by and rode away.

"Bereft of her only brother and the husband whom she so dearly loved, in a few short hours your mother became like a woman who was bereft of her senses, and rushing into the house she locked herself in her own room, from whence her heart-broken cries might be heard coming the greater part of the night. At last her outcries ceased and we thought that she slept. In the morning when I went up to your mother's room I found that the bed had not been slept in, and I could not find your mother anywhere. Swift horsemen were at once sent to scour the countryside for her, but after two days they returned without her. They had learned enough, however, to tell them that she had become demented with grief and had wandered off, nobody knew where.

"For a month we waited for your mother's return and then when she did not come, I took charge of everything. I paid off the servants and dismissed them, and then I packed all the furniture and ornaments and sent them to a warehouse to be kept until I gained news of your mother. All the money and jewels I could find I placed in a bag and then locking up the house I took you by the hand and set out to search the world for your mother or father. For a year or more I wandered, like a beggar-woman, all over Mexico, but no trace of your parents could I find. At last, I gave up wandering and settled down here. The money and jewels are in a leather bag under the mattress, just as they were the day that I placed them in the bag. That, my Pia, is all that I can tell you."

When Rosa had finished, she sat silently crying to herself while Pia, with her chin sunk on her breast, turned over the strange tale in her mind. It made her sad, indeed, to think that somewhere in the world she might have a father and mother whom perhaps she would never see. For a long time she sat thus lost in sad reflection, then rising she blew out the light and slipped into bed. For hours she lay awake staring up at the ceiling, then nature and youth asserted themselves and she fell into a troubled sleep.

Next morning Pia awoke and the events of the night before seemed like an ugly dream. In the bright sunshine she became much more cheerful, and she shrugged her shoulders as she muttered to herself: "Well, if it pleases heaven to send me back my parents I shall see them. If they do not come, it is the will of the good God."

While Pia still slept Rosa placed some scraps of bread and meat in a small bundle and hiding the bundle under her shawl stepped out into the roadway. Once out in the roadway she bent her steps straight for the great woods. She came to a place where the bushes were thicker and the trees more numerous than they had been at any other point. Here she paused at the dark, forbidding mouth of a cave and called. Presently there was a rustling of branches at the mouth of the cave and the form of an elderly woman emerged from the cave. To her Rosa gave her bundle of food, which the woman immediately opened and ate ravenously. Rosa sat down on the grass and waited for the woman to finish eating. As they sat thus together, an observant person studying the elder woman would have been struck by a strange, vague, haunting resemblance which they bore to Pia. It was not in their coloring, nor in the expression of their faces, nor yet in the formation of their features, but still it was there. Rosa had never fancied that Pia bore any resemblance to the old woman whom she was befriending, nor did she experience any emotion stronger than sympathy when she was in the old woman's presence, thus giving the lie to one of the favorite theories of certain scientific writers. But though Rosa did not dream that such was the case, the old woman was Pia's own mother.

It was Pia playing upon the guitar for her parents

When Pia's unknown mother had finished eating, Rosa bade her good-by and returned to the mission. That morning Pia had an appointment with Castro to pose for the finishing touches to be put to her picture, so she continued her walk until she came to the mission fountain. Here Castro was waiting for her, and after greeting each other shyly he set to work. For the full hour that she posed the same sharp eyes that had watched them before glared through the bushes at them.

When the hour of posing was finished they paused for rest and again sat on the edge of the fountain chatting. Soon Castro renewed his suit and forced from Pia a confession of her love for him. Overwhelmed with joy at his good fortune in winning her love, Castro took her in his arms and this time she did not resist. As they stood clasped in a fond embrace they made a glorious picture of youth and beauty which might well arouse the admiration of any beholder. But the eyes which glared through the bushes found no beauty in the picture and blazed with increasing hate. After a time, Castro returned to his canvas and Pia resumed her pose. When Castro had become lost in his work and Pia, at his bidding, had turned her head aside, the figure in the bushes stole noiselessly toward Castro. The figure was that of an old woman, and in her hand she held a gleaming knife poised to strike Castro full in his unprotected back. Pia's gaze had strayed to the limpid waters in the basin of the fountain, which dimpled and sparkled in the bright morning sunshine. Suddenly a shadow darkened the surface of the water and quickly took definite shape. For an instant or two Pia could not make out what this shape was. Then, like a flash, she realized that it was the figure of a woman poising a knife directly over Castro's back. With a shriek of "Look out, Castro, behind your back!" she turned to intercept the figure behind him, but Castro had turned on the instant, and just in time to seize the descending arm of Pia's demented mother.

There was a rustle of the bushes behind them and Rosa, leading an old man, came into view. The old man was none other than Pia's father, who had stopped that morning at Rosa's door to beg. There had been something strangely familiar about the old man as he sat at her doorstep munching the food that she had given him and Rosa had studied him intently. Suddenly recognition came to her and she realized that the old man was her former master and the father of Pia. With a glad cry she hailed him and told him who she was. He then recognized her and almost his first words were: "Where is the little Pia?" She told him that she was down by the mission fountain, and he insisted that she take him at once to the fountain that he might see Pia. They arrived just at the stirring juncture described above.

For a long moment the old man and the old woman stood staring at one another and gradually a look of recognition spread over the old man's face, then advancing with outstretched arms, he cried: "Mercedes!" For a second the old woman thus addressed hesitated, then she opened wide her own arms and cried: "Orestes!" The next second they were locked in each other's arms and reason returned in full tide to Pia's mother. Rosa stood looking on while tears of joy slowly fell unheeded down her cheeks. Then catching sight of Pia and Castro looking on in amazement, she turned to Pia and cried: "Pia, my child, your father and mother they have returned." With a sob of joy Pia flung herself upon the aged pair and embraced them joyfully.

The days that followed were fraught with many joys for all the persons connected with this narrative. Señor Ortega found that he had long since been declared innocent of wilful murder and that he was not wanted by the law. At the old plantation everything was found to be in very good condition and as Rosa had kept the family fortune intact, the house was soon reopened and servants set to work to plant and start the plantation going again. Mercedes Ortega improved wonderfully in health and mind, and in a large measure regained her former good looks. Of Rosa it was said that she seemed to have grown twenty years younger in a few weeks. A month later, Castro, calling one moonlit evening, found one of the prettiest pictures he had ever seen. It was Pia playing upon the guitar for her parents. And in due time they were married.

The Red Lie

(Laemmle Film)

Scenario by Rupert Julian

Produced by Rupert Julian

By THOMAS D. BURNS

Cast of Characters:

Doctor Baxter	Rupert Julian
Mrs. Baxter	Elsie Jane Wilson
Detective Jarvis	Doc Crane
Willis Rhodes	Hal Cooley

"HELLO! Hello! Who is calling?"

"Is this Detective Jarvis?"

"Yes! What do you want?"

"There has been a double murder in Sheehan's Café and we want you quick to nail the murderer, who is still here."

Detective Jarvis turned to the police sergeant and said quickly: "Call Dan and Brown. We will get over there, there is always a row in that joint."

It was so.

Sheehan's on Sixth avenue was certainly a tough place.

Detective Dan, a little sawed-off, joined his associate. Brown came a few seconds later and they started out, talking over similar crimes.

Arrived at the café, the detectives seized the murderer, who stood staring at the two dead men on the floor, muttering to himself incoherently.

"What's your name?" demanded Jarvis after he had taken the revolver from the man, which he yielded up meekly enough.

"I forget."

"Nonsense. Tell it!"

"I don't remember."

"Impossible."

"It is as I say."

Jarvis eyed him narrowly.

He was roughly dressed, but there was that about him which indicated the gentleman.

The place had been cleared, the outer door locked, and the shades pulled down.

"How did it happen?" the detective demanded of the barkeeper.

"He just came in and fired," was the reply. "Never said a word. Then he wouldn't go, but just stood there like you see him now. He's crazy, I think."

"Looks like it," added Dan, but Jarvis shook his head.

"You are under arrest, my friend," he said curtly. "Do you understand that?"

"Yes. Arrest me."

"You must go with us to the station."

"I'm ready."

He went.

Under examination before the sergeant it was just the same.

He didn't know. He couldn't remember. His mind seemed to be a blank, and yet Jarvis, shrewd sleuth that he was, doubted.

"Let him cool his heels in a cell for a few hours," he said. "It's my opinion that after that memory will return."

They kept him locked up for twenty-four hours, but there was no change.

Meanwhile the dead men were not identified. They were only chance customers and not known in the café.

Before leaving the café Jarvis had done some detective work.

The result was the discovery of a woman's footprint and a diamond earring in the sawdust on the floor.

"Clues," muttered the detective. "We are getting on."

The bodies were removed to the morgue. It was learned that the men had entered the place together and were chatting in friendly fashion when the double murder was committed.

It was a very mysterious affair.

"Know what I think?" said Jarvis to the police captain on the morning of the second day as they were talking about the case.

"No; I give it up," was the reply.

"That man is an educated gentleman. He is playing 'possum. Turn him loose and let me and Dan trail him. It's the only way to solve the mystery. Believe me."

The captain hesitated.

"It's against the law," he said.

"Let's take a chance and break the law."

"Well, all right. We'll take the chance. Oh, Steubenfelt!"

An officer responded.

"Bring in the prisoner from number eight."

The prisoner was brought, wild-eyed and disheveled.

"You can go," said the captain.

"But I killed two men."

"You can go, I say."

"I don't understand."

"Beat it! Get out!"

The man passed his hand over his forehead in an absent fashion.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked.

"I do. Don't you understand English?"

He made for the door, turning his head before he passed out.

"I thank you, gentlemen," he said, and was gone.

Jarvis slid out after him. Detective Dan trailed on behind.

There was a yard in front of the station house divided into two parts by a high iron grating. Behind this prisoners were taking exercise.

The man looked at them and halted. Jarvis and Dan held back.

He advanced a few paces and halted again, passing his hand over his forehead as he had done so many times before.

Arrived at the café, the detectives seized the murderer

He turned and faced the detectives, who found no chance to conceal themselves.

"I'm going back," he said hoarsely. "I don't want to be free. Send me to the electric chair at once. That's the place for me."

Playing 'possum! It didn't look like it.

They took him back into the station, where he sank down into a chair in a state of collapse.

"What now?" whispered the police captain to Jarvis.

"Wait," replied the detective. "Let him alone."

They retired to the other end of the large room and watched.

For fully fifteen minutes the man sat with his head in his hands. Then suddenly he arose and walked out of the door.

"I'm on," breathed Jarvis. "Leave it to me."

He was on the trail in an instant.

There was no balking this time.

Jarvis followed his man for blocks and blocks. and Dan trailed behind him.

He is either insane or a man of a master mind," thought the detective.

At last they saw him stop before a low wall which surrounded a lovely garden.

Jarvis and Dan dodged behind two

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trees and watched. The man now looked back for the first time. His gaze was searching, but he evidently did not see the detectives.

Suddenly he made one spring, grasped the top of the wall, vaulted over it and was gone.

"I told you so," said Jarvis.

"Who lives in that house?" asked Dan.

"Don't know, but it is easily ascertained."

Inquiry at a nearby store revealed the fact that Doctor Baxter was the owner and occupant.

"Doctor Baxter is the man we want," said Jarvis. "Baxter for ours. Here we go."

Three minutes later he was ringing the bell.

A smartly dressed maid responded to the call.

"Doctor in?" asked Jarvis.

"Yes, sir. Walk in."

They were shown into an outer office, where they waited some twenty minutes when the door opened and there stood the man differently dressed.

"Did you wish to see me?" he demanded with perfect composure.

"I decidedly do," replied Jarvis rising. "Doctor Baxter, you are under arrest."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Come, now, no nonsense. I don't have to explain."

"But—"

"Oh, stop, gentlemen! Stop! The fault is all mine!" exclaimed an agitated female voice behind them. "The fault is all mine. Let me explain."

"Marie, be quiet," said the doctor sternly.

"I will not!" she flashed. "Listen, John. Even you don't know the truth, but you shall know it now. I must and will speak. Mr. Whitman, your business friend, called here and asked me to go for an auto ride some weeks ago. I went, and—"

"Marie, stop it. I command you!" cried the doctor.

"Go on, madam," said Jarvis dryly.

"We had dinner and Willis Rhodes met me there"

"We went in the car to the Grove Inn."

"The most notorious roadhouse in this section," blurted Dan.

"I know it now to my sorrow," replied the woman. "I didn't know it then. We had dinner, and Willis Rhodes met me there. Then came his blackmailing letters. Foolishly I yielded and paid him money several times. I lied to you and told you I had been out with a woman friend, and all this has come of it. Oh, oh, oh! If I had only spoken before."

She became hysterical.

The doctor had his hands full.

Jarvis and Dan impatiently waited.

"The red lie! That red lie!" the woman screamed.

The professional side of Doctor Baxter's nature now asserted itself.

"Be calm, Marie," he said. "I now understand. Gentlemen, I am guilty. I shot that society scoundrel, Rhodes. The killing of his companion was an accident. I did not even know him. I fired twice. The second shot went astray."

"Ha!" broke in Jarvis. "I thought as much. There is seldom a motive for killing two."

The doctor glanced at his sobbing wife and cleared his throat.

"She has confessed; now hear my confession," he said.

"Not here," replied Jarvis. "Call her maid if she has one. Go in the private office, please." He then drew aside.

Doctor Baxter caught the spirit of the man who was on the level, first, last, and all the time.

He went to his wife.

"Marie," he said quietly, "you go into the private office and close the door. I'll join you in a moment. Go, dear."

The look she shot at him showed the depth of her love.

Jarvis looked out the window.

Detective Dan gave a low whistle as the sobbing wife left the room.

"It is like this, gentlemen," began the doctor after the door was closed. "It is a case of jealousy on my part, I will admit, but I am satisfied now that Mrs. Baxter is innocent. I saw her return with my friend Whitman. That scoundrel Rhodes was ahead of her.

"'I'll tell your husband where you have been, Mrs. Baxter,' he said right before Whitman, who wasn't man enough to take the part of his friend's wife. My jealousy was aroused, I will admit.

"He demanded no money then and left. I watched it all from a window, and after that I watched all the time.

"The discoveries which followed were

as inevitable as they were misleading, as it seems to have proved.

"I watched for letters, I spied when the 'phone rang. At last I got my hands on a letter from Rhodes. It was his third demand for money. He ordered—yes, ordered my wife—my wife, if you please—to meet him at Sheehan's joint."

"The assurance of the man!" exclaimed Jarvis.

"Pretty hard," echoed Detective Dan. "You went?"

"I did. Marie gave him five hundred which I had given her earlier in the day. The wretch was drinking with his pal when I peered in at the door and saw her join them. Not satisfied with the cash, he, half drunk that he was, tore the diamond earrings from her ears and taunted her with vile words—well, I won't repeat them! Gentlemen, I was crazy—driven mad. I drew the revolver and fired twice. God forgive me. One would have been enough. Marie fled by the side door. I suppose she thought I would shoot her. As for myself I never moved. I don't suppose you believe all this, but it's the truth. Now you have it all."

"I believe it, doctor," said Jarvis quietly. "All the same you are under arrest."

"Of course; I am ready."

"Better say good-by to Mrs. Baxter. Dan and I will wait on the porch. Come, Dan."

The doctor stared in amazement as they left the room, as well he might.

Detectives with hearts don't grow on every bush.

For a moment he hesitated and then opened the inner door.

"Marie!"

The sobbing ceased.

"Oh, John! Can you ever forgive me!"

He caught her in his arms and pressed her to his breast.

"Marie!"

"John! Dear John, I am not guilty. I was only a fool. There is one thing I omitted to tell. A tire was blown out. Mr. Whitman had to go to the roadhouse."

"Say no more, dearest"

"But this will cost your life. You will go to the electric chair."

He was silent.

He believed it.

"And all through my folly. It is terrible! If I had only spoken out."

"If you only had I could have settled that cowardly blackmailer in ten minutes, Marie."

"Marie," he said quietly, "you go into the private office"

"The red lie! The red lie!" she moaned. "Oh, why did I ever tell it!"

John echoed her despair.

"Why, indeed. Did Whitman say nothing—do nothing?"

"Nothing. John, I think he was afraid."

"Same old cur!" muttered the doctor, "but then the man never was anything else, and he wasn't man enough to come to me with the truth, but was willing to let my wife bear the brunt of his stupidity.

"The fault was actually mine," he continued, "and I must pay the penalty. The detectives are waiting for me outside. I must go."

She clung to him sobbing.

"Why not try to make your escape?" she pleaded. "There are the windows—"

"Never! I am Doctor Baxter. Don't even suggest it. Farewell, Marie. I shall give myself up like a man. When you next meet me it will be in the Tombs."

He left her moaning:

"Oh, the red lie! The red lie! If I had only told the truth!"

But the doctor was back in a moment looking puzzled.

"Why, they are not there!" he said. "What does this mean?"

"Fly!" cried Marie. "Fly while there is time!"

The temptation was certainly strong.

John Baxter sat down to think.

Meanwhile the slim and elderly Jarvis was heading for his chief with the little Dan trotting alongside.

"You don't mean to say you are going to let up on that man?" demanded the latter.

"Don't know. I'm not saying anything," grunted Jarvis.

"But he'll beat it."

"Well?"

"Then where do we get off the cars?"

"I'm going to report at police headquarters."

"You are a queer one. What will the chief say?"

"Tell you better when I've heard him say it. Come on," replied Jarvis, as he strode on.

"Any clue to that double murder at Sheehan's?" demanded the chief of police when Jarvis entered his office, leaving little Dan outside.

"This and a story," replied the detective bluntly.

The chief and a bunch of plain-clothes men examined the diamond earring.

"Well, and the story?" the chief demanded.

"That's for your ears alone."

"All right. Come into the private office."

Meanwhile Doctor Baxter was wrestling with himself.

He was a born gentleman, a good, kind-hearted soul. He had yielded to an overpowering impulse. His position was a terrible one. What should he do?

Again and again Marie urged him.

"Get out of the house at once. Take a train and go West," she said. "If they get you there is no escape."

"Why did they go?" he retorted. "What does it all mean?"

"Don't stop to inquire. You go while there is time."

The doctor was fighting with his conscience, which was now fully aroused.

"No," he said at length; "I have committed a double murder and must pay the penalty. Get me the telephone book."

"For what?"

"I want to find out where Detective Jarvis' office is."

"Oh, John! Don't."

"Marie, I must. I'm a gentleman, even if I am a murderer. I'm going to give myself up."

It was in vain that she pleaded with him.

The address was found.

John Baxter started out to find the detective, leaving Marie half mad behind him, and all over a piece of foolish business, which might easily have been avoided but for that red lie.

The conference between Jarvis and the chief was a long one.

Meanwhile Detective Dan had slipped into the outer office to see what had become of his principal.

At last the door opened, and Jarvis emerged.

"And so we may consider the matter settled?" the little detective heard him say.

"Exactly," replied the chief.

Dan wondered.

"Look here, Dan," said Jarvis, giving him a slap on the back. "You are off this case and want to forget it—see?"

Detective Dan knew his principal too well to reply by so much as a word.

Jarvis' office was in police headquarters. It was there he met the chief and the plain-clothes men, who had now dispersed, and it was there Doctor Baxter presented himself a little later in the day.

Jarvis was at work at his desk. He looked up in surprise.

"You!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I," replied the doctor calmly. "You arrested me. You did not wait for me. I have come—"

"To give yourself up?"

"Exactly."

"You're a fool. I thought you were half-way to Chicago or some other seaport by this time."

Baxter shook his head.

"I am here to face the music."

"Now look here, doc," said Jarvis. "I'm a man of the world; so is the chief of police. No one knows about this business except myself, him and little Dan, who don't count. Forget it."

"What!" gasped the doctor.

"Forget it, I say. Forget it, and let Mrs.— Doc, I've even forgotten your name—take this and forget the red lie. Say to her from me not to tell another one if she's wise."

"I thank you," replied Doctor Baxter, extending his hand.

"Same to you," answered the detective, giving the hand a hearty shake. "So long!"

A Soul Enslaved

(Broadway Universal Features)

Scenario by Adele Farrington

Produced by Cleo Madison

By D. BURTON HOWARD

Cast of Characters:

Jane	Cleo Madison	Paul Kent	Douglas Gerrard
Richard Newton	Tom Chatterton	Nellie	Marguerite Gibson

IF Jane had any other name, if she was entitled to any other, at least, she did not know it. She had been cuffed and kicked about, ever since she could remember, answering to that name. When she finally understood—this was when she first asked for, and obtained, a real job—that Jane was not enough, she added Smith, because it was the first name she thought of.

"Live with your parents?" she was asked.

"Haven't any," said Jane, shortly.

Luckily for Jane the man who hired girls for that factory didn't ask many questions, and was pretty perfunctory about the ones he did ask. If a girl looked strong and willing, if she seemed likely to get her work done, that was all that mattered. Jane couldn't have given much satisfaction had he employed the system in vogue among a good many employers. She didn't know her father's name; didn't know that she had had a father, really. All she could remember of her childhood was a dreary, unending period, in which a woman, whom she knew as her mother, beat her on the slightest pretext, and often without any at all. This woman was drunk most of the time; often she was locked up overnight in the police station.

Jane had run away from her at last. She had gone to a neighboring town. Afraid, not knowing where she ought to apply for aid, she had begged for shelter at the first large house she saw. The woman who met her understood the situation well enough. But she welcomed Jane, after her own fashion. She saw a use for her, and for several years Jane, under the impression that she ought to be deeply grateful, stayed with this woman, acting as a general servant in a cheap boarding-house. The factory, even with its wretched wages, proved better than that. Never before had Jane had any money at all.

Curiously enough, it was real ambition that had led Jane to leave the boarding-house at last and look for a job. A boarder, a queer, crotchety character, had been addicted to reading. Jane, mystified by this, had tried to understand, and he, interested in the stunted mind she displayed, had taught her to read. That had opened up a new and wonderful field to Jane.

"I want to know things!" she said.

"I didn't know I was so ignorant—I didn't know how many things there were that I didn't know at all!"

"Go to night school," he advised her. "Get a job where your work's done by dark, and go to school in the evenings. It's free."

Jane, when she had her job, followed his advice. She had, as it turned out, a really good mind; she learned easily and quickly. She interested the teachers, and they gave her a good deal of help. Some inherited traits began to develop; a desire to be neat and clean, an interest in fine and beautiful things. And yet these things, which made Jane happier, were to have curious consequences.

It is necessary to leave Jane, for the time, at her books; to allow her development to be guessed at. It chanced that as Jane was getting the belated beginnings of her education, a young man of the town in which she lived and worked came home, after completing his schooling. He had gone to the most expensive of schools; he had proceeded from them to a famous university, and had rounded off the education that had been given him by courses in institutions abroad. And then he had spent some years in foreign travel. Now, rather reluctantly, he returned to the town of his birth, forced to do so by his father's death, and the imperative necessity that he should take control of the business he had inherited.

There was a reason, known only to himself, for Richard Newton's reluctance to come home. Years before, when he had been a reckless student, he had had, during a summer vacation, a love affair with a girl who need be known here only as Nellie. In the beginning he had never meant that anything should come of it, but they had both been young and blind.

There was a night when they had gone out in his car; at a roadhouse he had made her drink champagne.

"Go ahead!" he had said. "Be a good sport!"

And she had—gone ahead. They had gone much further than either of them had intended; as summer slipped into autumn they became aware of the inevitable consequences. At least, Nellie learned them; Dick had refused, steadfastly, to believe her. She had come to him, her eyes red with weeping.

"Dick—you've got to take me with you when you go!" she had cried. "I can't stay here alone—do you understand? There's going to be—I'm—"

He had not believed her. He had thought she was trying to trap him into marrying her. Had he realized the truth there might have been a different ending; he was decent enough, at bottom. But when he went away, after he had put her off with some light promise, he was rather angry; he thought she was trying to trick him. He wrote to her, and sent her money. And three days later he read in his morning paper that her body had been found, floating in a lake, a sodden roll of bills in her hand. She had left no letter accusing him; he was in no way involved.

The tragedy had shocked and sobered him. He understood, too late, that she had told the truth; he saw, too, how she had shielded him. And he had been turned from a reckless, pleasure-loving boy into a man with a purpose to live decently and without ever again doing harm to any living creature.

Now, after the years, Dick Newton had come home. But if he and Jane at this time saw one another, neither was impressed; neither was interested.

It was Ambrose Blake, instead, the owner of the factory in which she worked, who first took special notice of Jane. She was poorly equipped to resist him; he was singularly adept in winning a woman to his will. Jane, brought up without definite standards, was an easy victim for him. It was not long before she had left the factory, and was installed in the apartment that Blake had furnished for her. She accepted everything dully; she gave herself up, with a new passion, to reading and study.

"Go ahead!" he had said. "Be a good sport!"

Ambrose was delighted with her, and with the constant improvement in her mind. He was proud of her, and he made the mistake, one day, of bringing home a friend who understood perfectly his relations with the girl. To Paul Kent, Jane seemed fair game. He liked her; he felt that Ambrose had no claims of friendship that should deter him. He was far more attractive than Ambrose, and he had little difficulty, at last, in persuading Jane to exchange an apartment that he gave her for the one that Ambrose had supplied. His most convincing argument was his promise that, as soon as matters could be arranged, he would marry her.

And then she knew, somehow, after a very little time, that she had simply exchanged one master for another; that Kent had not, and never had had, the faintest intention of marrying her. He admitted it frankly when she charged him with this.

"My dear girl!" he said. "It's impossible. I wanted you—that's my only excuse. And I haven't done you any harm. With things as they were—"

"No," she said, thoughtfully. "I suppose that's true."

"It hasn't been bad, you know," he said, and did not see how she winced. "But — I'm afraid you'll want it to end, now, won't you? You see—I understand you pretty well. You're all right. You haven't had a fair chance. Hereafter you shall. You needn't worry any more about just living. I've settled enough money on you for you to keep things going just as they are. And I'll—well, I'll drop out."

Jane rebelled fiercely against this. But — she yielded in the end. After all, what could she do? She had to go on now. And it was soon after Paul Kent had gone out of her life that she met Dick Newton. She was out riding in her motor; suddenly, just ahead, there was a disturbance. A man on horseback lost control of his horse. The animal was frightened by the car; it threw its rider. And a moment later Jane was bending over Newton, who lay in the road, very still. She had him taken to her home.

"Only stunned—nothing to worry about," said the doctor she called.

So it proved. Dick was himself again within an hour; a headache was his only injury. Or so it seemed. But after he was taken home, it developed that there had been a slight concussion of the brain; rest was ordered, and Newton had to keep very quiet. That he might be cared for better he was taken to a hospital, since he lived alone, and Jane, full of a remorseful concern, went every day to see him.

Dick, from the beginning, knew that he had found the one woman who could make him happy. But Jane, who saw this, was afraid—of him and of herself. She felt that she should not let him love her—but she could not help it. And one day, when she called, she found him apparently asleep. She betrayed herself—and he had not been asleep at all, but only feigning sleep. From that moment, knowing that she did love him, he gave her no peace. Jane, horror-struck now by the memory of her past, did what she could in atonement. She sold everything she possessed; the proceeds she gave to an orphan asylum maintained by Sisters of Charity. And at last she yielded to Newton's pleadings, and they were married.

"I feel like a new man!" he told her, when they were home, after their wedding trip.

But to Jane it seemed that she had exchanged one mental torture for a far keener one. He would find out, she was sure—and then what must happen?

"I am happy," she told him, over and over again.

"I wish you'd come out more, dear," he said often. "I want my friends to see you."

In his new happiness the dark and tragic memory of the episode with Nellie seemed almost to be blotted from Dick's mind. He wanted to be gay; for the first time in years he was thoroughly happy. But Jane wanted to stay close to her home; she was afraid to mingle with people, to go out, socially. She knew that if she did she might be betrayed at any time.

The coming of their child gave her, for a long time, the excuse she needed to stay at home. And with the birth of a daughter their happiness seemed to be complete. Dick could not complain of Jane's decision to assume the sole care of the child.

"I won't turn my baby over to servants!" she said fiercely. "I shall look after her myself."

And she would have felt so, even if there had been no other purpose in her mind. She had never been so happy as she was now, as wife and mother. And Dick, too, seemed to be entirely content. Night after night they played with the child.

Night after night they played with the child

But the time came at last when Dick began to insist that Jane should take up more of her social obligations.

"It's a matter of business, my dear," he told her. "The baby is old enough now for you to leave her safely. And we have got to entertain, and to be entertained in turn."

"I wish it were not so!" said Jane, wistfully. "I want to stay at home!"

Dick could sympathize with her.

"I know—and I'd like it better, too," he said. "But you must see how important it is, dear! There are men, you see, with whom I do a great deal of business. They rather insist. I have to keep putting them off, and they think it queer."

So Jane found herself forced into a position where she could no longer refuse to do what he wanted. She was terrified, but there was no way out. He had a right to insist, and she could have opposed him only at the cost of seeming frivolous and unreasonable—and with little chance, in any case, of doing so successfully, since his mind was made up.

For a time it seemed to her that her fears were groundless. She needed to dread only the appearance of two men: Ambrose Blake, whom she had, in a way, wronged, and Paul Kent. Kent, indeed, she did not fear at all. And he was out of town, she was sure. Nor did it seem likely that she would meet Blake. Yet—meet him she did. It was at a reception; luckily he was not introduced to her, and so did not learn her name. He scowled when he saw her.

"I suppose you're fooling some other man now!" he said, his eyes taking in her jewels, her rich clothes.

"Please!" she said, imploringly. "That is all behind me now—don't drag back the past! I know I didn't treat you well, but—can't you forgive me, and forget it?"

"Why should I?" he sneered.

She got away from him, somehow. But her fears were redoubled now; she never went anywhere, especially with Dick, without fearing that Blake would appear to release the sword of Damocles that hung over her, suspended by a hair, threatening the destruction of everything that was dear to her.

It was in the summer, at a beach resort, that the blow fell at last. She was with Dick when Ambrose Blake appeared. Blake made some sneering allusion to her; Dick resented it at once. Blake had been drinking; his friends drew him away before serious trouble developed. But later, after the Newtons had returned to the city, some one introduced the two men. They acknowledged the introduction stiffly.

"And you should meet Mrs. Newton, Ambrose," the man said.

"Huh! I've done that!" said Blake. "I know all I want to about that lady! Why—she—"

And he went on to state, with the coarseness that was a part of him, the relation in which he had stood to Jane. Dick gripped his shoulder furiously.

"Come home with me and prove what you say—or take the thrashing a lying cur deserves!" he said.

Two sisters brought her to the Mother Superior

Blake laughed, and went with him. And Jane, confronted with him, collapsed. He had his revenge at last. With a sneer on his lips he left husband and wife alone. And then Dick, in an insane rage, poured out his accusations upon Jane—until, with a shriek, she fled the house, unable to endure his scornful anger. She was half crazed; there had been, actually, some curious, obscure effect upon her brain. She was found wandering, unable to remember her name, on the grounds of the very asylum she had endowed. Two sisters brought her to the Mother Superior.

"We will care for her," said this woman.

Dick, meanwhile, was like a man beside himself. Some servant brought the baby, thinking to appease him.

"How do I know it's my own?" he thought. And said, aloud: "Take it away—here—take this money! Get the sisters at the asylum to care for it!"

His servants had obeyed. And then, suddenly, he came to his senses. He remembered Nellie. He had a vision of her, as she must have looked when she was found in the lake. What had Jane done that could compare with that crime of his? Filled with remorse he began to search for her; failing, he went to the asylum, determined to reclaim her child and his. And there he found her. The sight of him restored her memory, and she shrank from him in terror.

"Come home!" he said. "No matter what you did—I've done worse things! And I want to hear your story. I know, somehow, that it was not your fault."

A Stunt Specialist

Rhea Mitchell, the charming actress who has just become a member of the newly organized Mutual Masterpiece Edition De Luxe company organized by the Signal Film Corporation of Los Angeles, is not to be left behind in the era of specialization in Moving Picture work. She, too, has specialized—in the art of committing daring and terrifying deeds gracefully, and is known by the descriptive title, "the stunt girl."

The Most Envied Girl in the World

"FEW girls have had as many happy moments in their whole lives as I have had in the past six months," demurely said beautiful Lois Wilson. This charming young woman was selected as the most beautiful girl in the whole State of Alabama. Her luminous, golden-brown eyes, with their long silken lashes, lighted into a smile.

"Just think, less than a half-year ago I was an accountant in a business house in Birmingham. Every morning I went to my poky old desk, never dreaming that I should ever see sunny California, much less become a member of a company in the Universal. My life at home was that of the ordinary girl who worked for a living. I had my little circle of friends, went to dances and parties, as all girls do, and believed that I was having the happiest time possible. Little then did I realize what happiness was. My first great joy was when I was selected the winner in the Universal Beauty Contest in Alabama. The judges in that contest were, indeed, awfully good to me. In fact, I never saw so many girls who were really beautiful; but fate was kinder to me than to them, and I was the fortunate one chosen."

"How did you feel when given an opportunity of acting before the camera?"

"Oh, I really want to tell about that," Miss Wilson answered, with the slightest smile hovering about her well-formed mouth. The smile revealed a set of even white teeth which added the finishing touch. "It was after I had taken in all the sights with the other beauty contest winners. We had seen the Grand Canyon, the expositions at San Francisco and San Diego, the wonders of Universal City and other sights that would take me a week to tell about, when we were on our way East. Then the biggest even of the many occurred. I stopped off at Chicago to watch the Smalleys at work in their production of Parlowa in 'The Dumb Girl of Portici.' I was standing on the side gazing in wonder at the magnificent scene being taken, when I was noticed by one of the directors, who did not know me from Adam, but came and asked me if I would take a small part, as I was just the type needed. The request fairly took me off my feet, and for a moment I was so bewildered that I really do not remember what I said. However, before I knew it I was a member of the cast of one of the biggest Moving Picture productions ever made. From the very start the work appealed to me, and I entered it with a determination to forge ahead. My dreams have been more than realized, for from my humble start in Chicago, I have become a regular member of the Universal organization."

Lois Wilson can really act

Here Miss Wilson paused as if she was reluctant to talk more about herself. That must not be. "Do you know, Miss Wilson, that you are the most envied girl in America?"

With a quizzical look, she said, "I fear I am stupid, as I don't quite fully comprehend your question." We tried again: "It is by the ladies that you are envied—the men are but humble worshipers at your shrine."

Once more she failed to grasp the subtlety of the question, and appealed with a look in her eyes which said: "Are you spoofing me?"

"Well, aren't you Warren Kerrigan's leading woman? What more could a girl ask?"

Once more the fair Southern girl blushed. "Yes, I, too, think Mr. Kerrigan is splendid. I don't blame all the girls for raving about him. If they knew him they would be stronger than ever for him, as he is one of the finest men it has ever been my privilege to meet. When I was given the part of Pepita in 'Landon's Legacy,' I made up my mind that I would do all I could to interpret the character as the author, Meredith Nicholson, intended, and as Otis Turner directed. At times, when I was uncertain about small bits of business, Mr. Kerrigan came to my rescue and assisted me in every possible way.

"Knowing, as I did, that he considered this one of his greatest rôles, I desired that nothing I should do would in any way detract from the tout ensemble of the picture. Every member of the company felt so, too, with the result that I consider 'Landon's Legacy' the greatest Photoplay that has ever been put on. Mr. Kerrigan has never had a part which so fitted him, and I think the comedy scenes are the most delightful ever presented. While we were rehearsing, we had many good laughs over the different situations which served to inspire us."

"Have you any views on the legitimate stage as a profession you would care to follow?" we asked.

"Well," said Miss Wilson, "as you know, I have had no experience on the stage, except in some amateur theatricals in Birmingham, which don't count. If you mean, would I consider giving up Moving Pictures for the stage, I will emphatically answer, 'No,' for all my friends here who have been on the stage say they will never go back to it again. The outdoor life, the happy-go-lucky spirit of the actors, the camaraderie, the constant change of locality in taking scenes all have me in their grasp."

Moving Picture Actresses' Fashions

By MLLE. CHIC

Florence Lawrence, first and latest Victor Star

MY first interview with Florence Lawrence was set for ten o'clock in the morning, and, natural enough, the little actress was in negligée. She sat in a rose-pink bedroom before a white toilet table and was clad in a rose-pink dressing-gown to match the room, with a big cape collar, short, wide sleeves and a sash encircling the waist.

"I don't apologize for my dress," she said, "first, because I did not want to keep you waiting, and secondly because negligées are quite permissible now, aren't they? The wearing of negligées outside one's bedroom is another clothes idea borrowed from the sensible French. When we first went abroad I used to be surprised to be received, in paying a morning call, by a hostess with beautifully arranged coiffure, but wearing an unconventional, loose robe, which evidently went on in one piece and was a near, though rich, relation of a wrapper. But mother and I soon appreciated the good sense of this custom. It was a part of the French thrift to wear a house gown in the morning, and so save wear and tear on street clothes. Even the rich French women practise these little economies instinctively and are not a bit ashamed of them. A street skirt is quickly shabby if you 'sit it out' in the house.

"Of course, in the old days in our country, it would have been impossible for a respectable woman to appear in such a garment outside the privacy of her bedroom. Only adventuresses and villainesses wore negligées in semi-public. Such a dress worn in the drawing-room by a character in a play, stamped her as the naughty lady of the piece. It was her trade-mark just as white muslins and blue ribbons were the trade-mark of the ingénue. Nowadays the ingénue-innocence heroine is quite apt to appear in a negligée (think of 'Twin Beds,' for example), while the ingénue wears riding breeches in the morning and fish-scale spangles and diamonds at night."

Miss Lawrence has traveled so much abroad that international clothes customs make an interesting topic of discussion with her. Her conversation suggested an article on what might be called the evolution of the wrapper. It is true that as soon as they came out of their modest retirement in this country, their type was changed. The old "wrapper"—unattractive as its name—was banished, and curl papers gave place to the marcel wave, with a boudoir cap to conceal its early morning disorder.

The very name "wrapper" suggests the kind of garment that one just could not wear outside a bedroom, while "negligée" suggests only informality of attire. The French-American negligée is very different from the tea-gown of our English cousins, and naturally so, as its use is quite different. The English tea-gown was invented to wear at the winter tea hour, when women are pleasantly tired from a strenuous day of sports, shooting, golf or hunting, and feel the need of a gown to suit their relaxed mood. But it must be far more gorgeous than the negligée for morning wear, as it is to be worn by candle-light, and really it is very hard to tell a tea-gown from an evening dress, in many cases; it is only rather looser to allow for lounging. The tea-gown is as old an institution in England as the negligée is in France, and the two things are as different as their names. Tea-drinking as a function is comparatively new in France, and even now the smart women are more apt to take it in a fashionable hotel or restaurant than at home.

The negligée as we understand it today in America certainly gives women a wonderful chance to express their individuality in clothes. To appear suddenly in something quite different from the prevailing mode is a well-worn trick of the beguiling female. When wide skirts are the fashion the negligée may be sinuous and clinging; if the mode would have you a taffeta doll, your "robe d'interieur" may be Oriental, exotic and languorous. When all women are trying to look like ballerinas from the Russian ballet, you may wear a negligée that turns you into a Dolly Varden. If your type is Greek, you may be fileted, sandaled and tunicked to your heart's content.

Will Original Photoplays Replace Adaptations?

By ROBERT GRAU

LONG before the advent of the "Famous Players" organization, with Daniel Frohman as its artistic head, Photoplays presented by a few courageous players, most of whom were unknown to fame, attracted increased attendance to the theaters. It was the influence of such productions from 1907 to 1910 that started an invasion of producers and players who in due course became so numerous that to-day the production on the screen of a famous play in which a great stage celebrity is featured no longer attracts unusual comment. Few of us ever hear much now of these primitive productions of seven years ago—such as were released by the Imp Company, Powers picture-plays, Edwin Thanhouser, the Rex, and others. Some of the brands are still being released. All of those named are to-day regarded as pillars of the great film structure. Mr. Thanhouser was the first to make important productions of stage successes. In April next, after three years of inactivity, this producer will resume his career. It will be interesting to observe his mode of procedure. Will Thanhouser grasp a great opportunity and completely divorce his productivity from that of the speaking stage?

How much longer must we wait before the money that is spent for plays of other days, twisted into shape for the screen, is utilized for original productions, conceived and directed with the screen alone in mind? And when will the film producer come to a realization that the payment of fabulous salaries to stage celebrities is creating the same unwholesome condition existent to-day in vaudeville, where the lure of the "big name" has lost its appeal? There the stars or "headliners" no longer can attract the public on their past reputation. It is there that the men who pay the salaries are seeking high and low for new talent in the hope that the unknown of yesterday may become the celebrity of to-morrow.

More money has been lost in the Moving Picture field since stage plays and "famous" actors were utilized than was made in all the years preceding the movement. For every dollar of profit earned by the Famous Players and Lasky concerns ten has been sunk by their emulators. In no branch of the amusement calling can money be lost so quickly or in greater amounts than in the production of Photoplays. What has become of more than a score of the corporations which sold stock to a class of investors not one of whom doubted that a new Klondike was in their grasp? It is remarkable how easy it is even to-day to interest capital in the magic name of "the Movies." But there are signs of an awakening, for the investor has discovered that the great fortunes that have been made in filmdom were earned by men who never sold stock in their organizations, and who have never participated in the "stage" movement.

The writer believes that there is due to come, perhaps in 1916, a complete amalgamation of the varied and conflicting interests which, as an entity, is called the amusement field, which will so regulate the mode of business procedure that the "fly by night" methods which now characterize operations in every branch of the theater—particularly in the Moving Picture field—will be so eliminated that the onrush of impecunious speculators will be relegated to operate in a field entirely their own.

There is already organized an association of all reputable business concerns in the amusement calling. While this body was brought together mainly to oppose the war tax, it has been the means of bringing the theatrical and Moving Picture interests into one organization from which will come a regulated system of business procedure and an end to competitive and unconstructive methods.

As recently as three years ago the majority of photoplayers were paid an average salary of five dollars a day. Moreover, it is a fact that some of the most successful stars of the screen to-day are the same men and women who three years ago not only were content with this compensation, but they were obliged to forego the privilege of being advertised. One of the amazing illustrations of changes in those three years is the almost unbelievable record achieved by Mary Pickford. In 1911 her name was not known to the general public, yet all of the Photoplays in which she appeared before the camera then are now being reissued, profiting the producers who then paid her the regulation price to a far greater extent than when they were originally revealed. Now the same Mary Pickford is acclaimed the highest paid woman on stage or screen in all the world. Although other celebrities have received as high as two thousand dollars a week, Miss Pickford is paid that sum for fifty-two weeks in the year.

It is stated authoritatively that in accepting an annual income of one hundred and two thousand dollars from the Famous Players Company, Miss Pickford had declined an offer of nearly twice as much from one of the wealthiest film concerns in this country. It is understood, however, that many inducements of an artistic nature decided "Little Mary" to remain where she is. It is doubtful if even Patti or Bernhardt in their prime ever earned more than one hundred thousand dollars a year. While their tours were attended with vast outlay for travel and hotels, Miss Pickford is enabled to spend most of her time at home or in Los Angeles.

There are not a few photoplayers who now receive one thousand dollars a week. The number who find five hundred dollars in their pay envelopes at the end of a week is far larger than on the speaking stage, but strangely enough such salaries are not paid to the stars who capitulate temporarily to the lure of the screen. The big reward financially goes usually to youthful men and women whose genius first found ample expression in the film studio.

It is significant, too, that the oldest

(Continued on page 30)

Scenario Hints

The Value of Naturalness

By a Scenario Editor

IN learning to act, the most difficult thing is to learn to act natural. Ordinarily, we are never at a loss how to use our hands and feet, how to sit, stand, or walk, but the moment we begin to "try" and "act," hands and feet are encumbrances and sitting, standing and walking matters of study.

Stage directors, whether of the spoken or silent drama, often encounter their greatest trials when rehearsing novices, and sometimes "professionals," in trying to get them to "act natural." They become self-conscious, and what they would otherwise do automatically, without a thought, becomes now labored and difficult.

One of the good things that the Moving Picture has brought to the surface and firmly established is naturalness. The struts, strides and poses of the traditional stage do not go in the pictures and, very often, the first thing that "stars" of the first magnitude have to learn, when appearing in the pictures, is to "unlearn" much that they have learned on the stage.

In a picture, recently seen, a fine scene was spoiled simply because the innocent and misunderstood wife, in her most dramatic moment, resorted to a stagy pose. She has been found by her husband in a cabaret with a mutual friend just as she is about to drink her first cocktail.

Explanations are useless; the husband spurns her; closes the door behind him, and she falls against it with her head on one arm and the other extended above her head. The extended arm she gradually lowers in a series of well-known stagy jerks until it falls at her side—it burlesques the whole. Had she fallen in a faint it would have been more natural.

It has often been noticed and remarked how natural the peasants of Italy and France act; they are thoroughly unaffected and seem unconscious of the camera. One Italian Photoplay that lingers in the memory had for its background a rural estate with picturesque farm buildings and scenes.

Every part of the work of an Italian farm was shown in detail without conflicting with the work of the principal characters who occupied the action in the foreground. The action of the workers in the background was so interesting that the action of the principals was almost overlooked.

Foremost stage directors in this country now value naturalness as one of the picture's best assets. Heavy make-up has largely been discarded; wigs used as little as possible; crêpehair abandoned for real beards where possible—many actors, or quite a number, now grow mustaches and beards, and are in demand—particularly among French directors.

In the matter of acting, naturalness is the first thing demanded. Facial expression, every gesture, is so faithfully rendered by the camera that the slightest false expression is instantly detected by "fans" and the illusion of the picture, or a scene, destroyed.

Costumes, "types," scenic backgrounds—indoor and exterior—props, furniture, are all now selected with the greatest care and attention to correctness. The dressing of dinner-tables has to be right. One company has a woman who oversees all functions and that everything pertaining is strictly "up-to-date."

The Moving Picture lends itself to all this because it is unfettered by "traditions," as is the stage. It is the truest medium for depicting realism; it is unlimited in facilities—and has no boundaries to restrict its scope.

The scenario writer, therefore, who aims at perfect working scripts, that, in the hands of intelligent stage directors need little alteration or improvement, may safely include full instructions with each scene, to bring out the idea he has in mind.

The best photoplaywrights now write their scenarios as complete as a stage play, with every detail noted—full directions for all business, situations, etc.

This is as it should be, for the scenario writer is, after all, the creator of the story and, if he is competent to write it, he is certainly competent to explain exactly what he wants.

Naturalness not only applies to acting, backgrounds, etc., but to the story—for it has been found that a Photoplay, put on faithfully to life, is more favorably received than one in which the probabilities are stretched to the breaking limit and the impossible attempted.

To have a man or woman leap from one flying train to another—or from a horse to a moving train—may thrill for an instant, but in our "heart of hearts" we know that such things never occur in real life.

When the "lovely heroine" escapes across the chasm on a human bridge we know that such an escape never occurred anywhere except on the stage or in a Moving Picture.

Whatever may be thought regarding the belief that spectators crave only the melodramatic and sensational in Photoplays it is undeniable that the simple, homely story, showing some phase of lowly life, if well told and skilfully directed and put on, is as well received as the more exciting and spicy plot. Too much Tabasco is worse than none.

Writers might do well, instead of following so much the sensational, to sometimes try the less exciting, but equally interesting themes, which come nearer to getting at the heart of life.

Such pictures as "Emmy of the Stork's Nest," in which pretty Mary Miles Minter was starred, have strong appeals for the many and are a decided relief from so much Tabasco drama.

"The story centers around an untutored girl of the mountains. It presents a number of lifelike types.

"All of the people are accurately drawn, and one may overlook the conventional of the plot in appreciating the sincerity that went into the presentation of the characters."

In the early days of the Moving Picture it did not much matter how pictures were put on—all kinds of fakes were resorted to, but the novelty of seeing pictures that embodied life—real moving and breathing personalities—howbeit they were phantoms—was sufficient to attract. Now, the aim is to get life itself on the screen and, from the work of the best directors, it seems it is being accomplished.

Our next article tells of "Good Working Methods" and may be helpful to many writers.

Star Actor Dies

Arthur V. Johnson, Moving Picture actor, until recently leading man and director for Lubin's Studio, died at his home, No. 1711 Spring Garden street, Philahelphia, January 18, following a nervous breakdown.

His last work was in the production of "Poet and Peasant," "Her Martyrdom," and "Who Violates the Law."

Following a career on the stage, Mr. Johnson's face and name have been seen during the last seven years in some of the largest productions of Moving Pictures in this country and Europe.

He was born in Davenport, Iowa, thirty-nine years ago and at the age of nineteen began his career on the stage. Mr. Johnson played as support of Marie Wainwright, Robert B. Mantell and Sol Smith Russell.

In the Movies he played opposite Mary Pickford and other notables. Four years ago he joined the Lubin companies as director. His fatal illness is attributed to overwork.

Moving Picture Costume Ball

On Saturday, Feb. 19, the Screen Club and the Moving Picture Exhibitors' League, Local No. 1, will stage a unique spectacle at Madison Square Garden. At this ball, the players will appear dressed in the costume of the rôles in which they believe they have made the greatest success. The price of tickets has been placed at one dollar for each person. The New York American on January 9 began a voting contest to determine the woman-player who, with a prominent public man, will lead the grand march. The winner of the American contest will receive a diamond bracelet valued at five hundred dollars. Billy Quirk, president of the Screen Club, and Lee A. Ochs, president of League Local No. 1, are actively assisting Jules Burnstein, for the Screen Club, and Samuel H. Trigger, representing the Exhibitors, to make the affair a huge success. Madison Square Garden has an estimated capacity of eighteen thousand, and in view of the popularity of this ball, there is every indication that the garden will be crowded to its utmost capacity.

CURRENT NEWS

Neva Gerber is taking the lead in a feature with the Eldorado Company, with headquarters at the old Crown City studios in Pasadena.

Replying to a number of questions regarding the story without a name, published March 12th, in No. 115 of "Moving Picture Stories," the winner was Oscar Cartaya, of 354 Hunter street, Ossining, N. Y., and his title was "Folly's Crucible."

On the completion of "The Pool of Flame" in which J. Warren Kerrigan is starred, his director, Otis Turner, will take over the direction of the De Havens at the Universal, and Harry Carter will direct Mr. Kerrigan in his features.

William D. Taylor, fresh from his triumphs as producer of the big American serial, "The Diamond from the Sky," has had his little holiday and is ready to settle down to the grind once more as director of the Bosworth, Inc., producing Pallas pictures.

Colonel Jasper Ewing Brady, brother of Cyrus Townsend Brady, the well-known author, has been appointed manager of the Vitagraph Scenario Department. Mr. Brady has not only written, but also picturized some of the biggest features released by the Vitagraph.

The summer home of George Sullivan, one of Milwaukee's wealthiest citizens, was used in Essanay's five-act feature, "The Misleading Lady." The home is located at Fox Point, a short distance from Milwaukee, and in architecture the style of an enormous log cabin is closely followed. The structure alone cost $25,000.

Howard Hickman was in his element when the New York Motion Picture Corporation director took a number of sea scenes aboard a private yacht for the feature in which Frank Mills is being starred. Hickman used to own his own yacht, a small one it is true, but one which gave himself and friends lots of fun around San Francisco.

Will Original Photoplays Replace Adaptations?

(Continued from page 28)

established film concerns have not encouraged the production of stage successes. Of eleven such concerns in existence in 1908-09, eight have never featured famous plays or famous players. The Vitagraph Company in all of its sixteen years of productivity has presented but one adaptation of a famous play—"The Christian." Even for this one it formed a separate corporation, and it is significant that though the Vitagraph had an option on all Hall Caine's plays, it permitted a competing organization to produce them, though still retaining an interest.

One reason why the production of adapted stage plays has predominated on the screen is that the celebrated authors and novelists as a rule resent the development of the Moving Picture art. But the ghastly records at the box offices in theaterdom are making their impress on the playwright who no longer enjoys the sensation of thousand-dollar-a-week royalty checks.

It is a question, too, whether the great Photoplays of to-morrow will be written by men and women who have achieved fame in the older field. There are scenario writers to-day, whose names are known principally in the studios, who have acquired a technique vastly enhanced through intimate contact with the artistic and technical forces and who are thus privileged to observe the latest conquests of the camera man. These are already indicating by their work that the realities of life constitute a far greater asset for the future than plays of yesterday or even of to-day. That they also will be hailed as the photodramatists of to-morrow is the belief of many who know the trend of things —who know, too, that the few great successes to-day on the speaking stage are plays written with Moving Picture realism as their basic appeal.

Tom Mix, the daring cowboy actor, has a horse named Blue that he has trained to play dead and do numerous other "stunts" that Tom says "a human cannot do."

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The Actress on the Cover

LILLIAN WALKER, one of the Vitagraph's beautiful actresses, is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Walker was educated in the Brooklyn public schools and at Erasmus High School. Her first position was as telephone operator, but, upon the death of her father, it devolved upon her to become the main support of the family, so she cast about for more profitable employment. At first she worked as a professional model, and as such gained sufficient local reputation to secure her first theatrical engagement, which was the ingénue part in the melodrama called "The Little Organ Grinder."

When Miss Walker returned to New York, she secured an engagement with the "Follies of 1910," in which she was the end dancer and did specialties throughout the performance. Preferring to remain in New York, she again adopted the calling of a model, and, while thus employed, many of her photographs were seen by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, one of the Vitagraph's owners. Her photographs made her look possible for Moving Pictures and she was given a tryout, with absolutely wonderful results.

Miss Walker's first picture was in a drama called "The Inherited Taint," in which she played the leading part opposite Mr. Costello. Later on, her ability as a comedienne was recognized and since then she has generally appeared in the lighter form of Moving Pictures.

Throughout the civilized world, Miss Walker's nickname is Dimples. She is an excellent swimmer, a good rider, and has made many trips in aeroplanes. Miss Walker has never appeared in Moving Pictures for any concern other than the Vitagraph Company of America.

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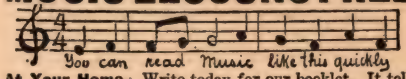

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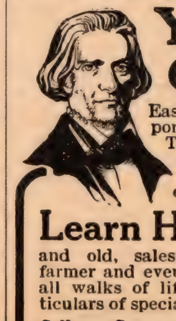

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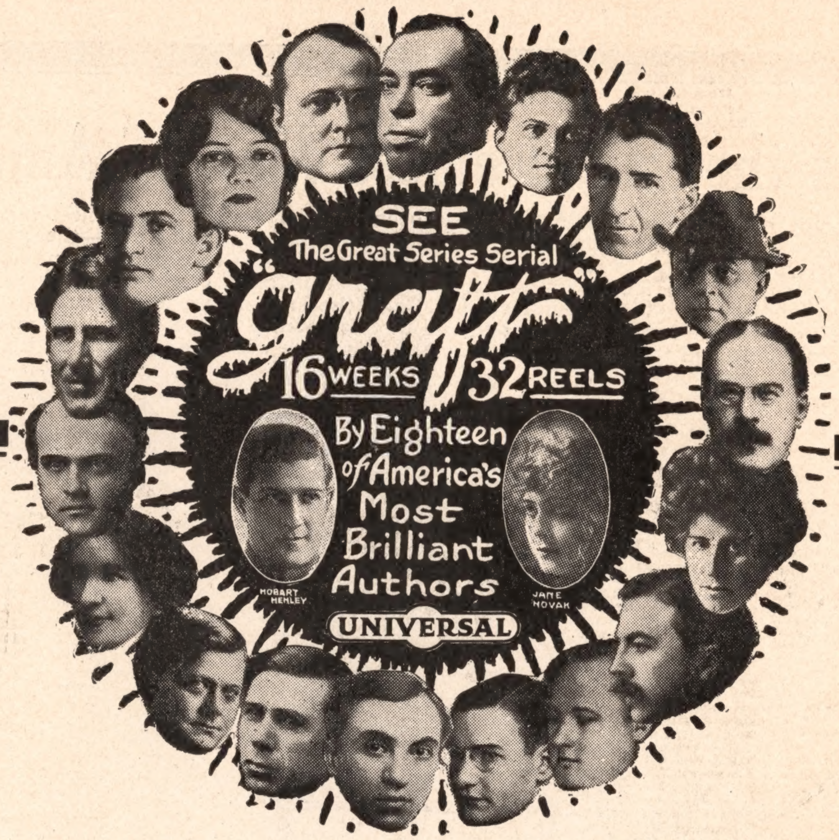
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The winner will be taken to the famous UNIVERSAL CITY—to the largest studios in the film world. Here, under smiling skies, amid beautiful flowers, in the dream land of the world, he will be taught the art of moving picture acting. He will be coached by the greatest directors in the film business. He will be wardrobed by the most expert people in the game. He will be MADE a great Movie Star if he qualifies, with wonderful opportunities to grow even greater.

ARE YOU THE MAN? If you think so, don't be too modest to send in your photo. Or, you can help us find him. Perhaps you have a son, brother, uncle, son-in-law, cousin or other relative who answers the requirements. If so, send in his photo. If you think you are the man, send in your photo. All photographs will be the property of this magazine after they are received. In case you desire your photograph returned, you must state so in your letter that accompanies your photograph, and you must also enclose 4 cents in stamps for return postage. This magazine reserves the right to publish any and all photographs that are sent in to this contest. The sender gives such consent in sending in such photograph or photographs, either of himself or of a friend or relative. Address:

EDITOR HANDSOME MAN CONTEST, MOVING PICTURE STORIES
168 West 23rd Street, New York City

In case there is a tie, both winners will receive the same award

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LILLIAN WALKER